

Life

March 28, 1930

PRICE 10 CENTS



Hayden Hayden's Conception of the Ideal American Beauty

DO YOU KNOW A GIRL WHO LOOKS LIKE THIS?

See Page 30

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SAFETY SKRIP,
Successor to ink,
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Life in Society

Watching Polo At Aiken



This group in a recent polo gallery at the South Carolina colony includes (in bronze tippets) Mr. Albert R. Pierce, Jr., Mr. Wolfgang, M. B. Kloenne, and excludes (in starched ruffs) Mr. Daniel T. Cox and Miss Eleanor Lane. Mr. Philip W. Bourne (on gas tank), has brought two extra vests in case of hail.

The Lady Kitty Rearson, niece of the Marchioness of Landsdowne, has arrived from England for afternoon tea at the Plaza.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Stokesberry gave a small dinner for themselves last night at their ocean-front villa, El Jamador. Three hundred winter sojourners had to scamper around their kitchens for something to eat at the last minute when the expected invitation didn't arrive.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Jones are sailing on the Boomdam tomorrow for Monte Carlo, where they will remain until the latter part of \$65,000.

Mrs. Edward W. C. Bateman gave her daughter luncheon yesterday at the Park Lane. Mother and daughter are doing as well as could be expected.

Mr. William R. Graves of Old Bennington, Vt., spent the early part of March on page 109 of the *Saturday Evening Post*, in his shirt sleeves. His plans for the summer are still indefinite, although he seems to prefer Listerine toothpaste to Old Bennington, Vt.

Mrs. Clarence H. Detwillow gave a luncheon yesterday at Pierre's for the benefit of Mrs. Clarence H. Detwillow, through the cooperation of the New York *Times*. The other guests included Mrs. William Spencer Roomy, Mrs. Philip Gnash, the Misses Charlotte Harwood, Virginia Boland and Harriet Fakir. Everyone agreed that the photographs and notoriety were delicious.

—Jack Cluett.



TREASURE chest of bountiful health lies open to the Chris-Craft owner. Life on the water offers a multitude of thrills and pleasures not known on land.

The 20-foot all-mahogany Chris-Craft runabout is priced at \$1895; the 22-foot runabout at \$2195 and \$2595.

One may splash about at the swimming raft, take dinner at the distant yacht club, then swing past a dozen miles of shoreline to evening social affair in remarkably short time.

Chris-Craft days are full of joy. Go fishing, step out and win a race, entertain guests in delightful comfort, or just loiter among wooded islands. A whole new range of pleasures begin at the water's edge and all are spread before the Chris-Crafter for his choice.

Distinctive among the 24 models of the 1930 Chris-Craft fleet are the 20 and 22-foot runabouts. They are luxurious, deep-cushioned, 9 passenger Chris-Craft. They go like the wind, yet are easily controlled by boy or girl. They start, stop, steer, turn and reverse like an automobile, yet they are infinitely more flexible.

Priced at \$1895, the 20-foot Chris-Craft runabout is the lowest priced Chris-Craft ever offered. The 22-foot Chris-Craft is listed at \$2195 and \$2595, offering a life-time of dependable water transportation.

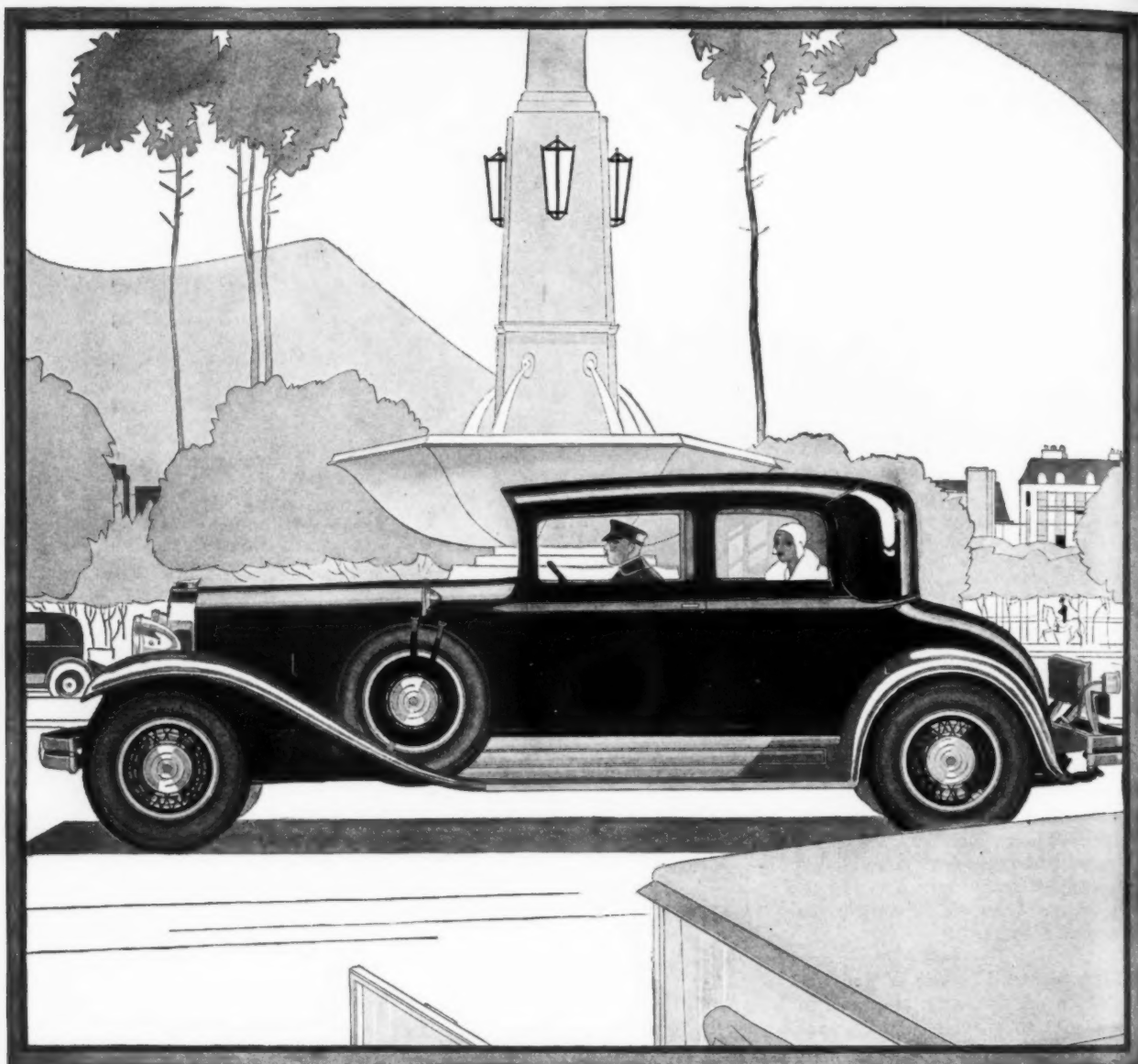
Illustrated catalog may be had by writing Chris Smith & Sons Boat Co., 203 Detroit Road, Algonac, Michigan.

24 CHRIS-CRAFT MODELS

Runabouts—Sedans—Commuters—Cruisers—Yachts
20 to 48 feet—\$1895 to \$35,000

Chris-Craft

World's Largest Builders of
All-Mahogany Motor Boats



President Eight Victoria, for five . . . 135-inch wheelbase . . . six wire wheels and trunk rack are standard equipment

Champion Eights, Proved by Time and Travel! That precise air of smart assurance—of well-bred poise—apparent in Studebaker's champion eights, admirably demonstrates how motor cars ought to be designed. Champion speed and stamina came first, *proved* by the greatest world and international records, and by more American stock car records than all other makes of cars combined. Studebaker artists have literally interpreted this inspiring performance in coachcraft of rare grace and beauty. There is fleetness—eagerness—in every fluent line . . . and there are 78 years of Studebaker quality back of it, a matchless bulwark of reassurance.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

Life



We Want You!

PRESENTLY, God willing, the nightmare of national prohibition will end as abruptly as it began. When that blessed day dawns we may be in a mood to look back on the bizarre twenties as we do now on the gay nineties and to reminisce of dry atrocities as we speak today of wasp waists and high-wheel bicycles.

In the meantime there is a lot of work to be done. The tortures peculiar to the Volstead decade are not the innocent creatures of mere custom or style. They are the products of a law written into our Constitution. Evolution will not rid us of them. We must depend on revolution.

Fortunately, it is a revolution that may be accomplished not with bullets but with ballots. LIFE has set itself the

task of producing those ballots. To this end, starting with the *New York Times*, it has embarked on a campaign of full-page advertisements (see page 25) calculated to make a convert of the late Wayne B. Wheeler. But it needs your co-operation. A dollar from you, or more if you wish to send it, will help to pay for subsequent advertisements of like tenor and size to appear in one influential newspaper after another clear across the continent.

Here is your chance, for a dollar, to speak your mind about dry despotism to a nation-wide hook-up of newspaper readers. Mail LIFE your dollar in the same spirit that once caused you to buy Liberty bonds—this time not merely to safeguard your liberty, but to restore it.

Plaintive Query

My desk is copied from the French,
Pretty enough for any wench,
With pigeon-holes and roomy drawers
In which to keep my writer's stores.
But what's the use of all
these frills,
When all it holds is un-
paid bills?

—Alice Fechimer.

There's one consolation
—our stock's as close to
par as our golf.

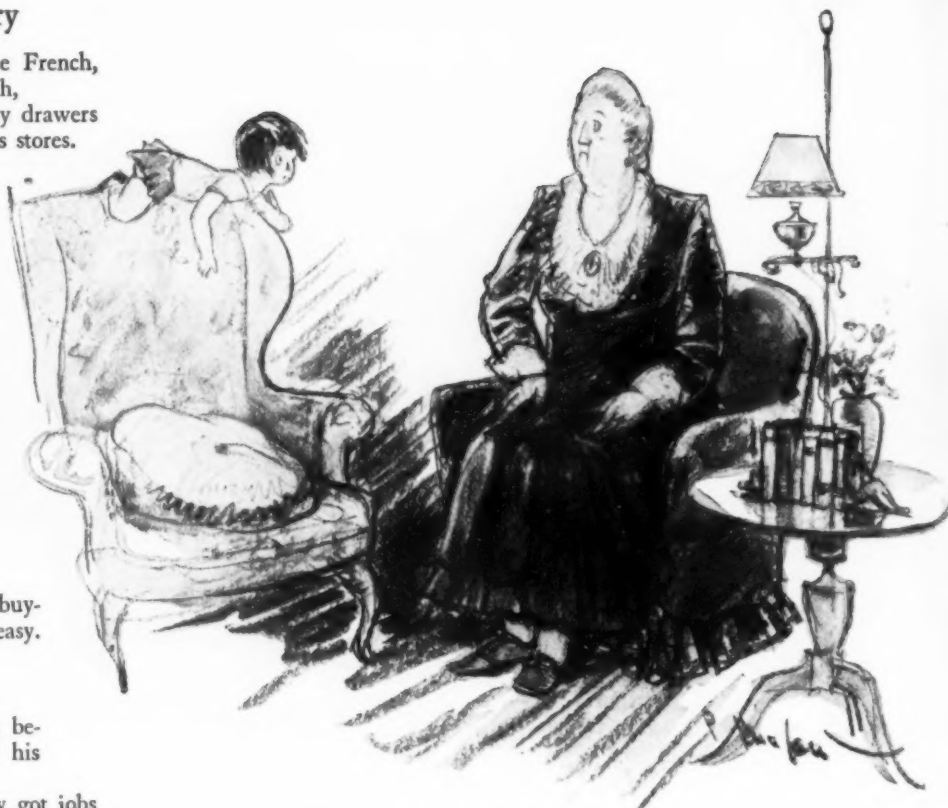
You must run over some-
time and see the antiques
we bought on our last mo-
tor trip. A couple of early
American sandwiches we
picked up in a tea room.

Genuine extravagance is buy-
ing a cop a drink in a speakeasy.

Circus Chatter

LIVING SKELETON: What be-
came of our fat man and his
wife?

INDIA RUBBER MAN: They got jobs
posing for that future shadow in the
Lucky Strike advertisements.



"Shall I tell you a story?"
"Will it have action, suspense—love interest?"



ELDERLY LADY (on first crossing): When does the feature picture start, sonny?

It Sims To Me

I wish it was anvils that sound
that way instead of saxophones,
because very few saxophone play-
ers could carry an anvil around.

Home life has speeded up to
such an extent that it is a relief
to get down to the office where
you can relax.

One difference between mon-
keys and human beings is mon-
keys don't have moustaches.

Take a rubber snake along
when you go out to play golf,
and if you have trouble getting
out of a sand trap you can hold
the snake up and holler to the
other players that you finally
killed it.

What I enjoy about playing ping
pong is stepping on the ball.

—Tom Sims.

"I think she's a fine wholesome girl."
 "Now don't be nasty. She's a friend
 of mine."

Definition: A pedestrian is a
 man looking for the place where
 he parked his car.

One advantage in having chil-
 dren is after you shave you can
 find some talcum powder to put
 on your face.

The wind whistling around the
 eaves of a lonely farm house
 doesn't sound half as mournful as
 it does going through a trombone.

After a woman tries on a few
 dresses, and looks at a couple of
 dozen hats, and shops around a lit-
 tle, she usually begins to wish she
 had brought some money with her.



The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Son:

Your mother tells me you want to
 give up your position with the law firm
 and go to London to observe the naval
 conference but that you are too timid
 to suggest it to me. I thought I knew
 all the approaches, but you are first
 of my children to introduce timidity.

But why confine yourself to observ-
 ing the conference? Why not sit right
 in with Stimson and the admirals and
 straighten them out whenever they
 need it? A fresh and unused mind
 like yours might be the making of the
 American delegation.

I notice you told your mother that
 all you wanted was my consent. I am
 glad that is the case for it is all you
 will get. We are shipping some brick
 this spring, but the auditor tells me
 that the business will only carry the
 married daughters of the owners this
 year and all sons over twenty will have
 to support themselves.

We are introducing some efficiency
 methods into the brick plant that may
 save the husbands of your sisters from
 going to work, but if you want to ob-
 serve the London conference from a
 chair on a Paris sidewalk you will have
 to buy your own binoculars.

Your Affectionate Father,
 McCready Huston.



Two hours after the shipwreck.



"My dear, she's impossible—absolutely no background!"

Willingdrift

by Eric Hatch

Bramley Boosts

WILLINGDRIFT approached Smith at the breakfast table, a silver salver in his hand. On the salver was a letter. Smith picked it up, opened the letter and turned to the signature. With a smile he looked up at Willingdrift.

"It's from Bramley in Palm Beach!" he said, and turned back to its beginning:

"Dear Rob:

"Just to show you I have no hard feeling about the one you put over on me this winter, I take pen in hand to inform you that our annual election is about to take place here and to sound you out on the subject of running for office.

"A new mayor is to be elected this year, along with other civic officials. As a land owner and tax payer you are eligible to run and I believe that in view of your long residence, generosity and well-known public spiritedness, I can assure your election to office.

"With affectionate regards to Nancy, I remain

"Faithfully yours,

"Bramley."

Smith looked up at Willingdrift with tears in his eyes. He knew Willingdrift had been reading over his shoulder and Willingdrift knew he knew, but of course neither of them could recognize it. Smith said, "He wants me to run for Mayor! A square shooter, Willing, a square shooter!"

Willingdrift was thinking. He, too, had known Bramley for a good many years. He wondered.

"Tread lightly, sir," he said.

Smith didn't even hear him. He was lost in the same sort of thoughts a little boy is when he thinks about growing up and being a policeman. In his mind he was framing his inaugural address.

"To be honored by—" he was thinking aloud—"to be honored by the people of one's city—to be selected from all

others—to be cho-cho-cho—"

"Zen," said Willingdrift helpfully.

"Chosen by the peep—" Stuck again!

"Pull," said Willingdrift.

"As their leader is indeed to be honored! Not so bad, eh, Willing?"

Willingdrift thought it was, but he didn't say so. Instead he said, "So you will accept?"

"My writing things," said Smith. "Where are they?"

"In the writing room, sir," said Willingdrift with fine logic.

To the writing room went Smith and sat him down at a Sheraton desk. Willingdrift followed him, to lend moral support.

"Willing, a letter of acceptance should contain a message; it should have great dignity, breadth of vision."

"Yes, sir," said Willingdrift.

"My Dear Bramley: (wrote Smith)

"I am deeply touched by your epistle. To be honored by the people of one's city, to be selected from all others—to be chosen by the people as their leader is indeed to be honored!

"So I wish to advise you that I accept the nomination. Also to say I think you are a square shooter to do this for me after the one I put over on you, Big Hearted Bramley."

Here Smith paused until he had bitten off the end of the pen and de-

tached the fragments of it from his whiskers with a series of trumpeting noises. He groped about in his mind for a final phrase; something for Bramley to tell them all; something with a touch of historic statesmanship. At last it came to him:

"Tell them how they have touched me, Bramley, to the bottom of my heart. Tell them I shall rule with judgment tempered by wisdom; that I don't know the meaning of 'honest graft'; that, in short, Lafayette, I am here.

"Yours truly,

"Robert Smith."

"Ah!" he said, as he sealed the thing in an envelope. "That'll fetch 'em!"

By return post came Bramley's answer:

"Dear Rob:

"Your letter of acceptance was a poem. I showed it to several members of my committee and I can truthfully say I have never before seen a single group of men so affected by a document.

"Although as I said before, your election is practically assured, the committee seems to feel it would be nice were you to write another letter, stating as a mere matter of form your qualifications.

"Always faithfully,

"Bramley."

"P. S. Please don't call me Big Hearted Bramley."

(Continued on Page 26)



Smith unfolded his paper—he seemed to be trying to swallow his Adam's apple.

GREAT AMERICAN PARTNERSHIPS.

Potsunpans.
Langunshort.
Boopandoop.
Mennonmethods.

According to wet testimony a' Washington, four out of five farmers have it. The fifth makes it for 'em.

A stamp machine sells you stamps without frowning.

A sign of the times is that most women's magazines devote one page to new cooking recipes and the rest to fashions and beauty suggestions.

If the city would put all the fire plugs together, say in one block, then there would be more parking spaces elsewhere.



"Oh Myrna, better not mention s-e-x to him."

Love Song

Let me touch your hand a minute,
Let me kiss your fingertips—
(Oh, your cigarette is in it,
And a spark might burn my lips!)

Let me rest my forehead lightly,
Where your cheek is warmly pink—
(What? The color comes off nightly?
Pardon me—I didn't think!)

Let me put my arms around you,
You must know that I adore—
(What? *Convention hasn't bound you?*
Oh, maline is smart, once more!)

Let me whisper my devotion,
That I love you, dear—and how!
(Oh, the radio's in motion,
Rudy Vallée's crooning now . . .)
—Margaret E. Sangster.

Great American States:

Minnazota
Ioway
Mizzoory
Kaintuckee

After prohibition is over we'll be able to get a hundred per cent attendance at a convention without holding it in Canada or Cuba.

The pedestrians have one advantage. An autoist is not permitted to shoot at them with a bow and arrow or even to attack them with a tommyhawk.

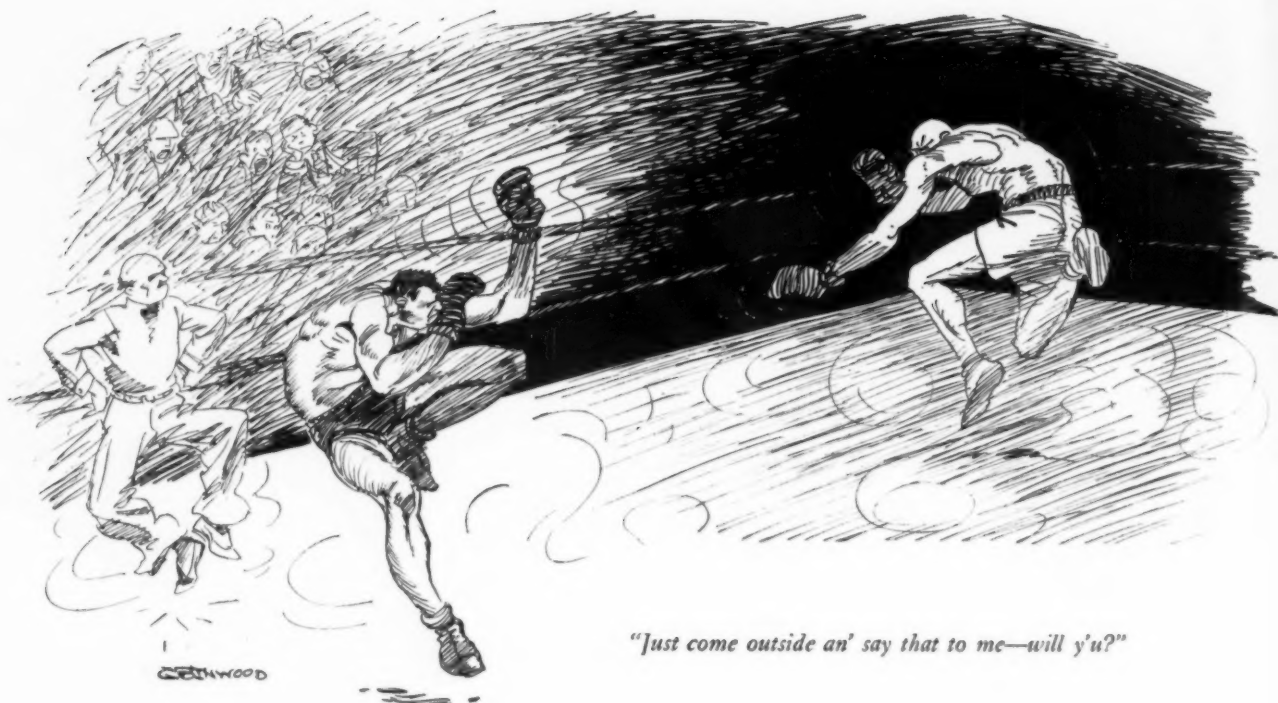


"I was in here just last night!"

"Oh yeah! This joint wasn't here last night!"



SINBAD
One, two, three, GO!!



"Just come outside an' say that to me—will y'u?"

The Theoretical Theater Party

Listen Martha it makes no difference though you are only seven years old and have nobody dependent on you put that bottle of cointreau back on the escritoire and fill out your income tax before they put you away under the Bones law and now Frank and Gilbert give Amy and Gertie those French post cards its their turn and little gentlemen should be heard and not obscene and now I will tell you about the theoretical theater party well it seems a family of 6 came down to the big city from Troy and when father said what shall it be everybody answered in unison June Moon and mother didnt say Ruth Draper and Jack didnt say Sons O Guns and Pete didnt say Death Takes a Holiday and Mardy didnt insist on Strike Up the Band and Nancy didnt hold out for The Infinite Shoeblack and so father went to the box office at the last minute and when he asked the girl for 6 seats for to-night she didnt laugh in his face and slam down the wicket and she handed him 6 together in the 7th center and father got the family fed and started for the

Broadhurst in plenty of time to allow for Whalens traffic enigma and when father felt in his pockets for the tickets they were there and not back at the hotel and their seats were vacant and not appropriated by two parties that wanted to be next to each other and would you mind moving over five seats and Jack didnt have to get up the minute he was seated and get six

programs and Petes hat stayed on the rack under the seat and didnt fall down and get stepped on by a fat man and his wife coming in to blot out the opening scene and the Dartmouth man in row H didnt talk out loud and say I knew Flossie Rice when and the old lady in row F didnt cough and say which one is Linda Watkins Elmer and the debutante in seat 7 didnt ap-

propriate the arm of the seat for her elbow throughout the entire performance and keep saying dont you just simply adore it mutha and the whole family from Troy loved the show and were glad they came and when they got out after the final curtain there was a vacant taxi right smack in front of the theater and it was a fifteen and five and not a gyp one and Jack didnt have to run away over to 9th avenue in the rain for one and come back with a beauty only to find the rest of the family calmly seated in one and waiting for him and now if the affidavits are ready children I will confess to hatching one of the most untruthful concoctions that has ever been brewed in this section of the United States and now children run along and climb into bed.

—Jack Cluett.



Little Willie's conception of Moses in the bullrushes.



"We're in luck, Bill—it ain't the coast guard—only hi-jackers!"

GREAT AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

Cowlnders.
Dicious.
Naptkins.
Nackties.

One time I got so mad at a neighbor I sent his wife a book on how to make 500 new salads.

One fault of prohibition is the government is spending hundreds of millions to prevent drinking, instead of collecting hundreds of millions in taxes on drinking, and with the same results.

There are machines for sale now on which you simply pull a lever and a cigarette jumps out already lighted sometimes.

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

My book is going to give the low-down on marriage and tell why husbands are failures. They're ALL failures, so far as I'm concerned—in fact, all MEN are failures! You can't live with 'em, and you can't live without 'em!
—Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

Oh, I'm just pushing along.
—Colonel Lindbergh.

I don't believe on the whole that there is any more lawlessness or disrespect for law today than there was in Washington's time.
—Senator R. B. Howell (Neb.)

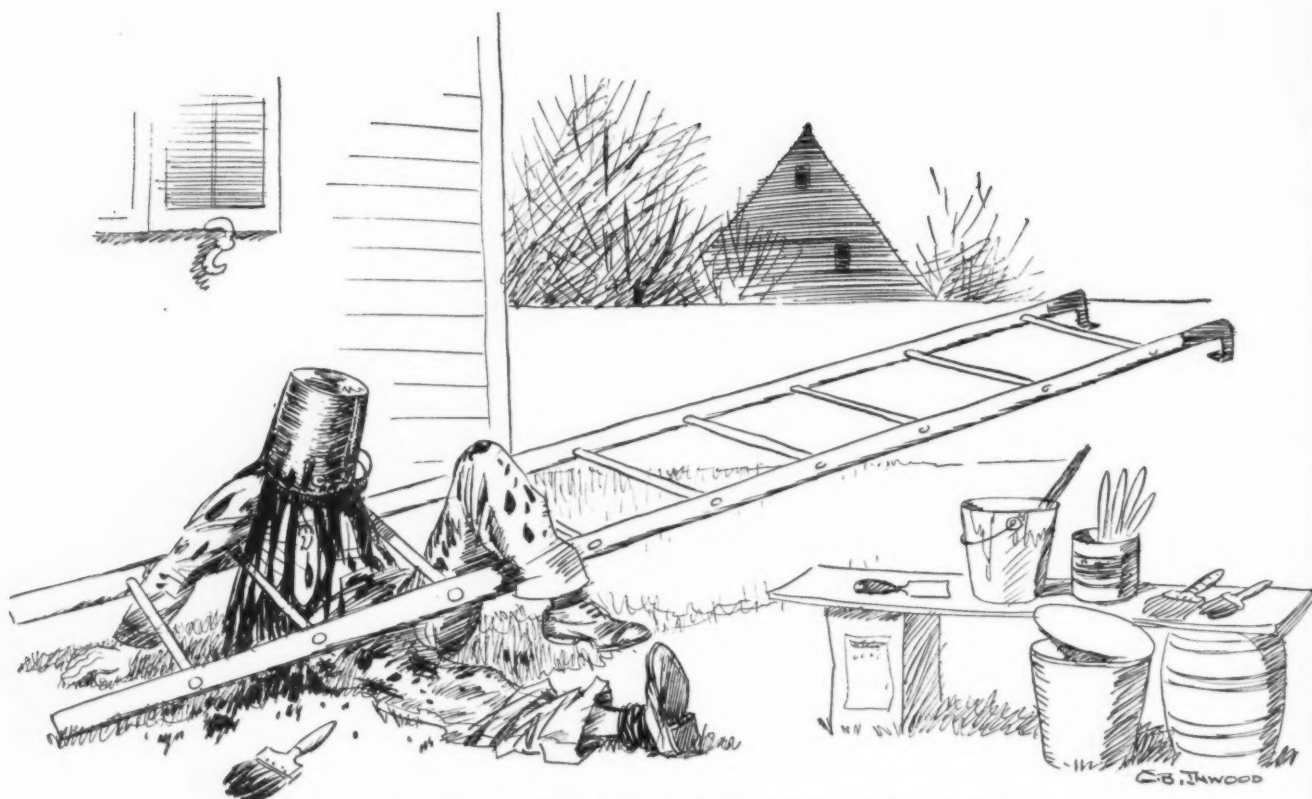
I honestly believe that New York is freer today of criminals than it has ever been in its history.
—Grover Whalen.

The efforts of bootleggers to bribe agents have not ceased, but few officials succumb to the lure of graft.
—Commissioner Doran.

You pass from Colorado into beautiful New Mexico. In all the world there is no sky more beautiful, no weather more perfect, nor air more glorious. Then you realize the futility of trying to select "the best state in the Union."
—Arthur Brisbane.



OLD TIMER: It's a good idea to throw a shovelful in the boss' face once in awhile, so he'll think we don't keep watch on him!



PAINTER (coming to): Whu-where am I? For Goz sake open a window!

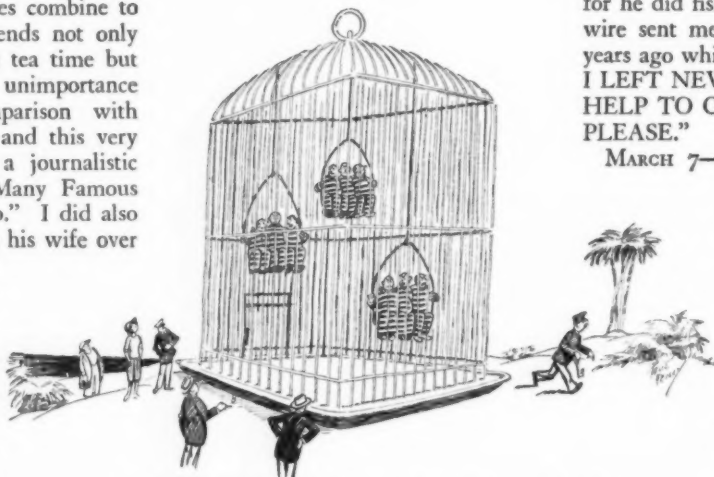
Mrs. Pep's Diary

by **Baird Leonard** MARCH 6—In fine fettle this morning for having lost three pounds from my Ash Wednesday fasting, and can I but keep up such abstinence, I may yet be able to wear my Junior Prom dress to a masquerade, but Lord! no sooner do I embark on a strict food regime than circumstances combine to discourage it, loving friends not only serving melted cheese at tea time but leading the talk to the unimportance of appearance in comparison with health, personality, etc., and this very day I did come upon a journalistic beautician's headline, "Many Famous Sirens Have Been Plump." I did also read how a man had hit his wife over the head for having bid No Trumps with thirteen Diamonds in her hand, and I do think that any bridge-wise jury would bring in a verdict of justifiable homicide for such a provocation. My husband, poor wretch, ill of

a cold, so stopped at home this day, ranging the shelves during the early part of it for acceptable reading matter, a proceeding which does always set my nerves on edge for that he will unfailingly discover a note or telegram dated 1918 which I have inadvertently left in some book or other, and demand precise information as to its sender, regardless of sex, and one of

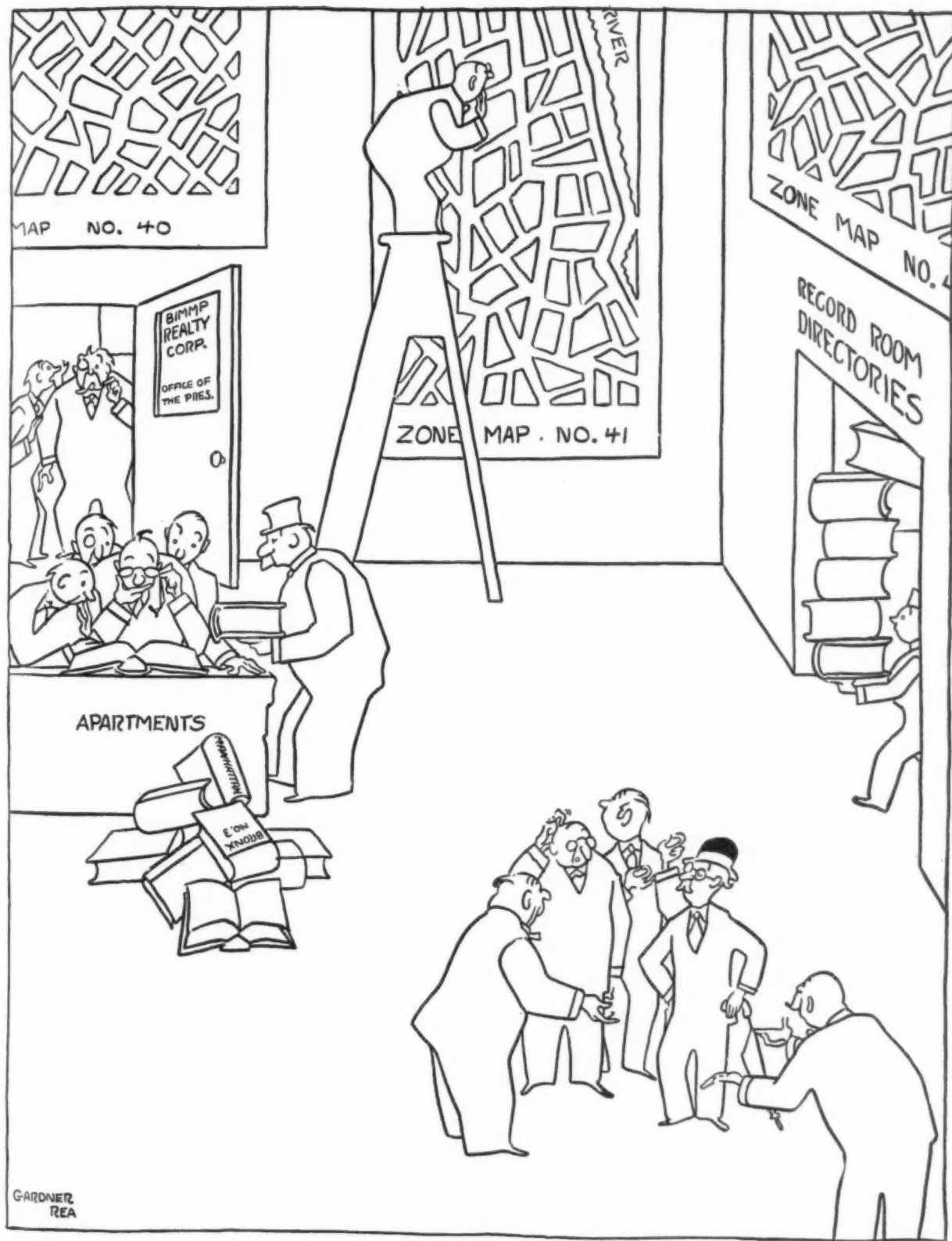
the things I mean to do at my first stretch of leisure is to search every volume for undestroyed correspondence and stray bits of paper, for even lives which are as the driven snow have had moments which are embarrassing to discuss with an inquisitive tribunal, and the more innocent they are, the less likely is their evidence to have been removed. Nor were my fears without foundation on this occasion, neither, for he did fish out of "South Wind" a wire sent me by Gibbs Maclay eight years ago which read, "BAIRD DEAR I LEFT NEW YORK IN A CLOUD HELP TO CLEAR IT UP FOR ME PLEASE."

MARCH 7—All the talk now is of what is to be done about the prohibition amendment, which has worked out so ill, both sides being before Congress at present with their arguments, and the *Literary Digest* conducting a great straw vote on the issue in which Sam has already received two ballots and



News Reel—House of Correction, Canary Islands.

(Continued on Page 30)



The New Yorker who wanted an apartment not over a speakeasy.

Life in Washington

THE Communists celebrated the first year of Hoover by staging unemployment riots all over the United States. The police, as usual, made a hash of the Bill of Rights. There was scarcely a dry eye in local radical circles when the cops laid down tear gas in front of the White House. The Federation of Labor found itself unable to forgive Moscow for calling attention to the moth-holes in Republican

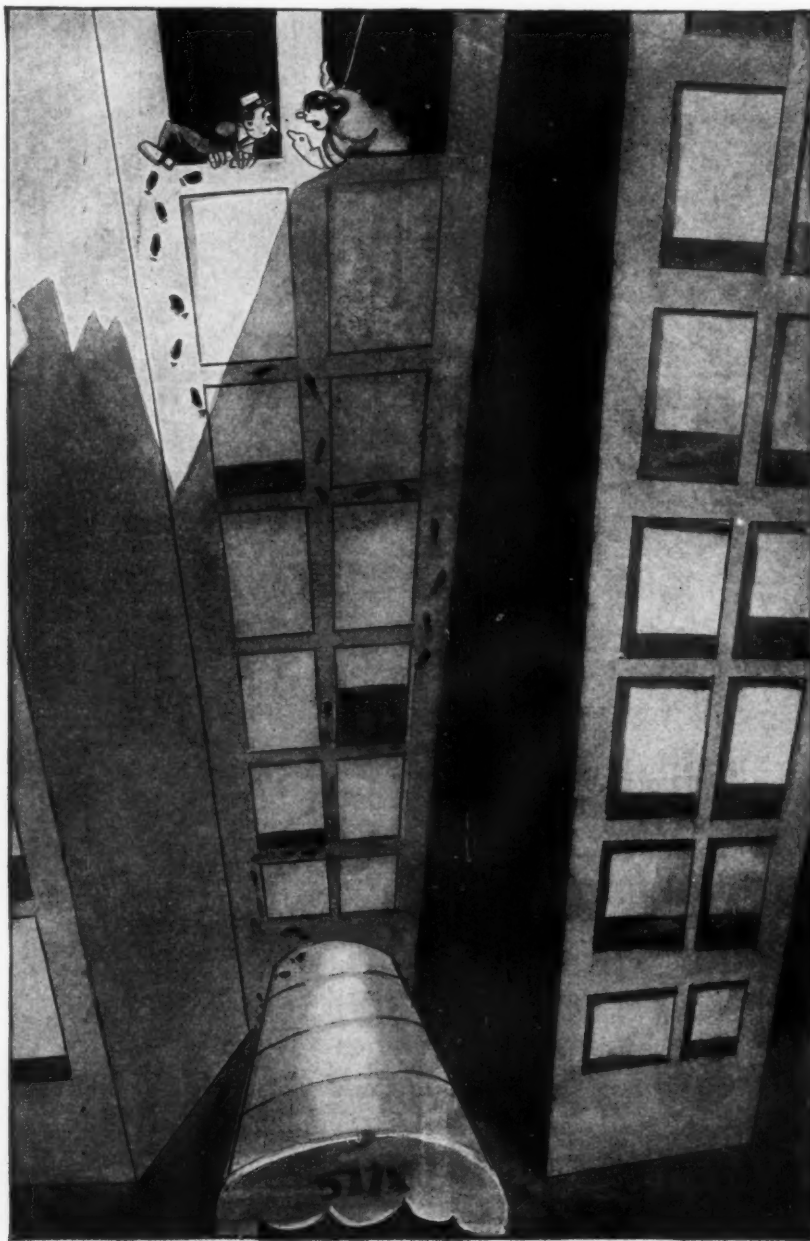
prosperity, as Secretary Davis admitted that there were 3,000,000 out of work in the United States. La Follette, Brookhart and Wagner demanded immediate unemployment relief, but the White House vaguely announced that things would be better in a couple of months. This dramatic news was followed by a Presidential announcement that unemployment was back at normal in all but twelve States. Mr. Hoover declined to name the dirty dozen, on the statesmanlike ground that employ-

ment was a national rather than a local issue. We can name, off-hand, seven industrial States which contain nearly half the population of the country.

The Methodist forces laid down a dry barrage before the House Wet Committee. Prohibition, it was asserted with consummate irony, is responsible for our wonderful prosperity (90% of our population are admittedly in chronic distress); Prohibition has helped the farmer (hence the necessity for Farm Relief); Ford, Edison and Rockefeller went through the hoops and a tame Catholic gave tongue on the dry side; Senator Fess said that Prohibition was not responsible for lawlessness (he did not say what *was* responsible). The Supreme Court was all wound up to declare the liquor buyer guilty on April 14, when a Federal Judge in Boston ruled contrary, and death handed down an irreversible decision on the Supreme Bench. An armor-clad rum-runner appeared on Lake Erie and a movement was started to call the Canadian Border of 49 degrees North, the deadly parallel. A Michigan "life for a pint" sentence was reversed, and 300 people in Oklahoma were paralyzed after drinking Jamaica ginger.

The naval conference resumed its sessions in London as Briand came back from Paris with a new mandate to wreck disarmament. The usual 1,200 Americans who will sign anything once cabled Stimson to abandon American interests in the name of the Foreign Policy Association and Columbia University. Less attention than usual was paid to this impertinence, and the conference was last sighted hull down en route to 1936, to await further orders.

Protection got the upper hand in the Senate, as higher duties on sugar, cotton and cement were voted . . . The only recent President of the United States to possess a sense of humor died on March 8 . . . Coolidge is still messing around in the West, dedicating dams and feeling the political pulse . . . Will Rogers observed that all this wet-dry fuss was simply an excuse to get people's names in the papers. From a man who sees to it that his own name is printed every Jay, this is an expert diagnosis. —J. F.



WIFE OF HUMAN FLY: *How many times must I tell you to wipe your feet!*

Unemployment is a serious problem, but we can't help wishing it would spread to radio announcers.

Scott Shots

Newspaper editors say that if a man bites a dog, that's news, but we say that if a dog bites a newspaper editor, that's good news.

This would be a better world if the address on the doctor's bills were as hard to read as his prescriptions.

Combining business with pleasure is all very well, but a much harder thing to do is to combine business with profit.

There is no use crying over spilt milk or cut whisky.

Some college boys are so generous that they'd share their father's last nickel with a friend.

Iceless refrigerators are all the rage, but the one we have in our house just now is a foodless one.

Something we'd like very much to see would be Mussolini arguing with a traffic cop.

The old saloon used to have a family entrance, and now the family has a bootlegger's entrance.

Radio song—All croons sound alike to me.

—W. W. Scott.



Cop: *Some people will do anything for money!*

All's fair in love and pre-war liquor.

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *agree* with an *m* and get what your salary is.
- (2) Scramble *ruined* with an *s* and get what you'll wish you were.
- (3) Scramble *marcel* with an *a* and get something nice in your mouth.
- (4) Scramble *traipse* with an *a* and get something on something else.
- (5) Scramble *poacher* with an *n* and get something the girls don't use any more.
- (6) Scramble *morbid* with an *e* and get calm.

(Answers on Page 28)



"I don't know why I am telling you all this."

New York Life



Behind the Scenes



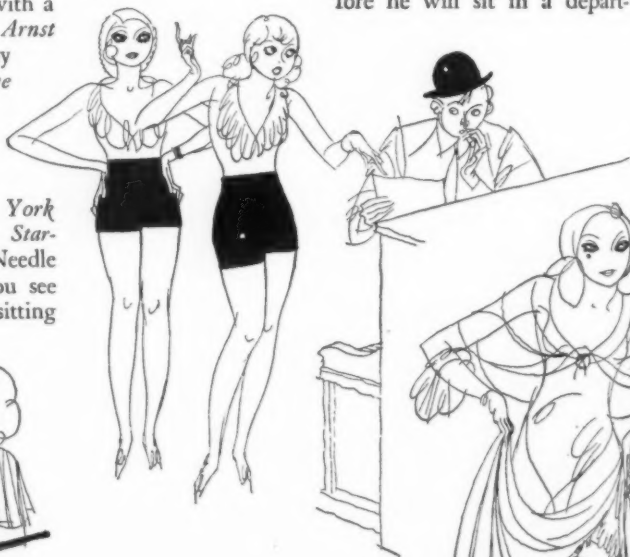
THE person who imagines the actor's or actress' life is one wild round of gayety, romance and adventure would get a mild shock if he or she could but peek behind the backdrop during a performance . . . the humdrum routine existence of the tired business man is no more colorless than the playactor's . . . true, the latter does have his moments in front of the footlights and the nightly plaudits of hundreds, but his time on the stage is short compared to the waits in between . . . there are exceptions, as when an actor is on the stage most of the evening, but with the general run the actor's life is prosaic, to say the least.

Stage Business

Fred Stone, for example, spends

most of his time reading, and this is a common occupation among many others . . . Clark and McCullough are Ping Pong hounds and have a table rigged up in an empty property room . . . Ed Wynn plays solitaire or does cross-word puzzles, and the latter is another popular diversion among the lazier minded . . . Gus Shy used to have a short wave radio set in his dressing room and try for distance during waits . . . Jack Pearl and Harry Richman are usually trying to get up pinochle games . . . Frank Morgan writes plays and Charlie Butterworth plays checkers . . . most of the gels read or sew . . . Lily Damita studies English with a tutor . . . Bobbe Arnst studies philosophy and Genevieve Tobin French . . . Gertrude Lawrence reads LIFE (advt.) especially New York Life and Betty Starbuck does Needle Point . . . so you see the T. B. M. sitting

of skyscraper inhabitants on the tops of trucks and cabs . . . the new concave playing cards . . . where is shuttle train No. 2?—there are three trains running now numbered 1, 3 and 4—No. 2 must have got lost in the shuttle . . . LIFE's War Chest—Join the army and see the repeal!—send your dollar now! . . . what they call those Americans in Paris—expatriots . . . There are 1100 restaurants in the vicinity of Grand Central which may be reached without going outdoors . . . behind the gold leaf sign "Rare Books" at Scribner's Fifth Avenue store there is a large display of Rudy Vallée's new book . . . how good, or bad must a writer be before he will sit in a depart-



home in his slippers listening to the radio isn't much different after all.

Manna-About-Town

LIFE's War Chest—Join the Army and See The Repeal! . . . Gene Lockhart at the Club Plaza . . . the new advertising for the benefit

ment store and autograph his own books? . . . there are few babies on Park Avenue and yet you don't have to muzzle a baby and take it for a walk every few hours . . . they say Mayor Walker is a great reader of newspapers—well, that's so he can find out what's happening back home in New York . . . LIFE's War Chest—Join the army and see the Repeal!



Our Own Mystery Serial

The Main Stem Murders

(Synopsis—Walter Watchall, the columnist murdered! Everybody from Peggy Joyce to Lindbergh suspected! Even Louis Sapolio, the rival columnist, read on!)

Philo Nance, the great detective, staggered down the street sagging under the weight of a huge book which he carried. As he started to cross Broadway he came face to face with Police Commissioner Moby Dick, who was directing

traffic. "Hi there, Nance!" cried the commissioner, holding up his hand and stopping all traffic, "How's the case coming?"

"Not so good!" muttered Nance, stopping and wiping his moist brow, "Getting more amazin' every day!"

"What's that?" grinned Moby Dick, pointing to the volume under Nance's arm, "the book of the month?"

"No," groaned Nance, shifting his burden, "This

is my list of suspects!" At this moment a newsboy darted across the street yelling, "Wuxtra! Wuxtra! Louis Sapolio, the columnist, murdered! Shot through keyhole!"

(Continued next week!)

Tired Business Men

Surprising as it may seem the majority of successful speakeasy proprietors would be tickled to death to see prohibition licked . . . all I have talked with feel this way and they say that this feeling is general . . . the reason is simple . . . there's no money in the game any more . . . those who have been in the business any length of time have found out that putting the same amount of energy, hard work and long hours into a legitimate business would



bring them almost as much profit . . . building up a speakeasy trade is a long discouraging job, taking plenty of time and capital, and when the proprietor finally gets a good steady clientele, the racketeer who has been watching his efforts steps in and takes most of the gravy . . . if prohibition were repealed, this same restaurateur would open his barred door with a sigh of relief, and the chances are that he would retain most of his following . . . after all, his place has developed into a meeting place, a habit during the past years and his customers would have a hard time getting over the habit of dropping in . . . the speakeasy through prohibition developed an intimacy in the restaurant business that it never had before, and this very thing will hold it up after the great experiment is junked.

Direct Advertising

The trend of prohibition may be seen in the growing brazenness of the bootleggers . . . their latest racket is house to house circulars slipped under apartment doors . . .

NOTICE

We take pleasure in announcing the opening of our New Branch at Stuyvesant Z Z Z Z. We have been serving Whoopee Water to the public for the past five years.

Hoping for your patronage in the near future, we remain

DOE & DOE

Stuyvesant Z Z Z Z Day and Night Service

Gin \$1.50 per Qt.

Scotch \$4 per Qt.

Rye \$3 per Qt.

Knickerbocker Jr.

Theatre • by Ralph Barton

LEW LESLIE'S "International Revue" is cribbed outright from a dream of heaven dreamed by Commodore Minsky, the burlesque impresario, on a night when he hadn't a trouble in the world. It is cheap and vulgar on a perfectly magnificent scale. Let a few more exhibitions of that kind seep into town and the theatre will win back all the customers who deserted it for the talkies. Six-sixty is a lot of money to pay for a seat, but the tinsel in the talkies doesn't actually come off and get down your throat when you gasp.

Mr. Leslie's entertainment is entitled the "International Revue" because it is representative of the arts of the world bounded by Forty-first Street on the south, and by a chop-suey joint on the north. It is true that it boasted, for the first few nights, a genuine Spanish dancer—a venerable lady whose cheeks jiggled when she did the heel work because she had neglected to reach for an Afortunado when she wanted a sweet—and there is still a horrid little fat boy, "from the Empire, Paris," who does revolting things with musical instruments in the orchestra pit before the rise of the second act curtain. And there is an Irish dancer named Dolin, and the celebrated Norwegian mimic, Jack Pearl, gives his imitation of clogged plumbing. But the tone of the show is pure Broadway gutter; the Broadway that makes love through its nose and feels unhappy in old clothes; the Broadway that Chesterton meant when he said, "What a superb spectacle for those who cannot read!" It reeks of the Broadway that Harry Richman, who is, of course, in the show, stands for. But that may be running Broadway down a little too severely.

It's too bad to see such nice people as Marjorie Moss and Georges Fontana flipping about in such a mess, and to see Gertrude Lawrence, very fetching in trousers and a top hat, teamed with Mr. Richman in various low sketches and nauseating songs. She is not in the worst of the sketches. They would knock down as frail a little person as she is.

The chorus, a huge one, dances superlatively well and some of the numbers are refreshingly inventive. But that doesn't mean much. In these days, you have to go to the Opera to

see a thoroughly incompetent dancing chorus.

THIS is the third attempt to work something about "Simple Simon" into this page. And now that I stop to think about it, I think, and think, and can't remember anything but Harriet Hctor, in pinks, leaping bewitchingly over the hurdles in the most stirring and beautiful ballet I've seen for three years and six months (name and address on request). In fact, I am likely to go off into a day-dream about Miss Hctor in the middle of conversations.

Ed Wynn, of course, is funny. I start laughing at him when I read in the paper that he is coming to town



Miss Le Gallienne vibrating to blue.

and go on laughing through the advance notices and the pictures in the rotogravure sections, and laugh all the way to the theatre. And when he comes out and tells a lot of old jokes that I succeeded, when I grew old enough, in inducing my father not to tell any more, I laugh just the same. Ed Wynn is funny. It doesn't matter what he does. I wish he'd had more of his fool inventions in this show, but that doesn't matter, either. He is as funny as they come, and there's that.

"Simple Simon," being a Ziegfeld baby, is, naturally, superbly mounted and the girls are all pretty.

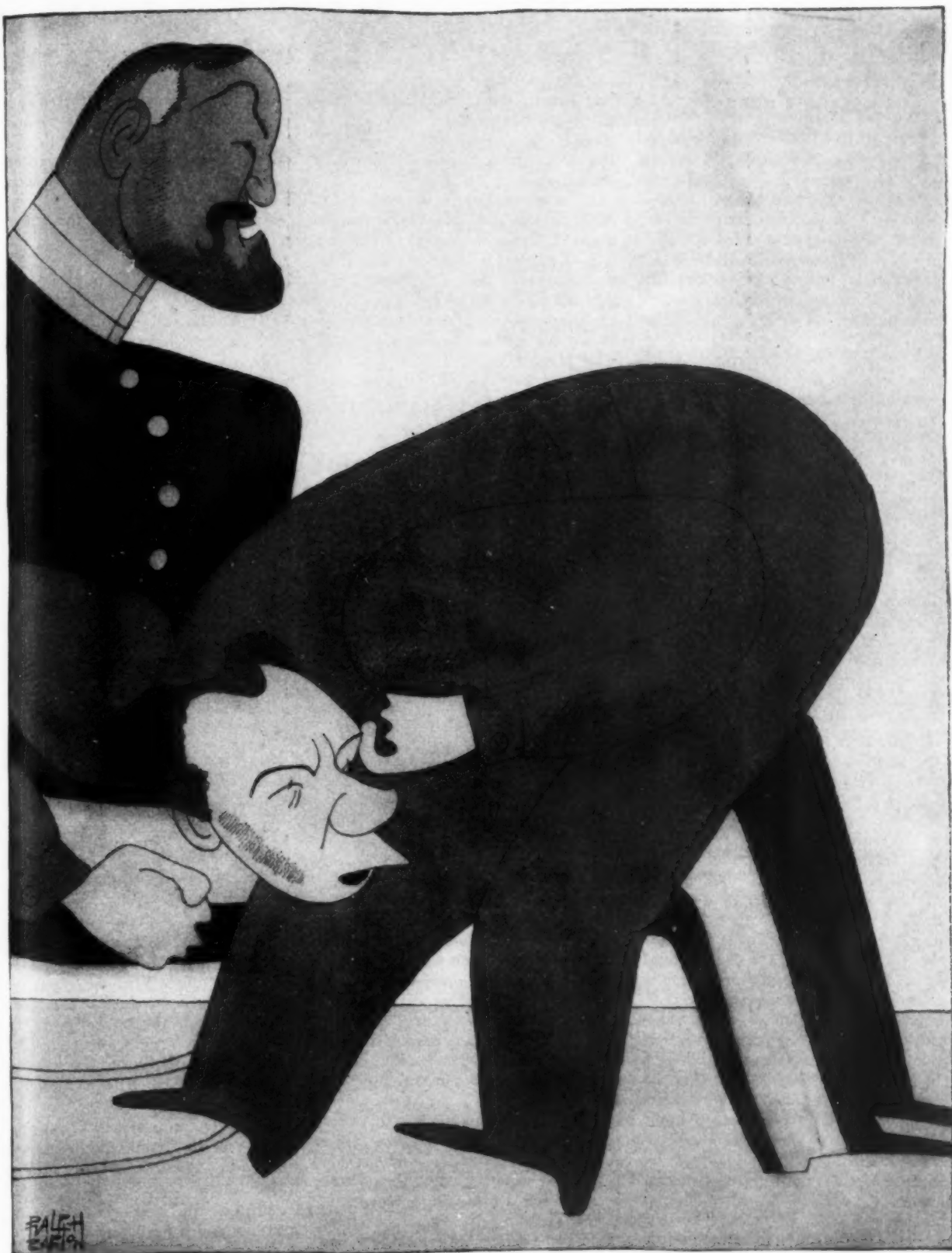
THIS MAN'S TOWN" supplies the one element of talkie entertainment that the "International Revue" omits. It is an absurd under-

world melodrama laid "in and around" a lunch wagon, and, as the curtain goes up, the fumes of real onions sizzling in last week's grease float out over the audience, reproducing, in the auditorium, almost exactly the olfactory delights that can be experienced only in the best moving picture cathedrals.

HAVING sneered a good deal at the "International Revue" for being dirty, I shall now be a miserable turn-coat and praise "Flying High," George White's new offering, for a single dirty joke. In a scene setting forth a Medical Examiner's office, Bert Lahr, the sweating, mugging, hard-working and enormously funny comedian who was in "Hold Everything" last year, goes through the test for a pilot's license. At the end of the business, the doctor hands him a graduated glass. . . . But I am forgetting that you can't talk about such things in respectable papers like LIFE. We have to get through the mails, after all. You can see it on the stage and listen to it, but you can't print it. Anyway, the doctor ta-tum ta-tum ta-tum ta-tum ta-tum and the audience rolls out of its seats. It is the loudest laugh ever heard in any theatre, and I understand it happens at every performance. The rest of "Flying High" is just a good show, or maybe it isn't so good, but it is worth seeing for that one laugh. Mr. Lahr is also funny all the way through.

LESLIE HOWARD said the other day, in a piece I cut out of the newspaper and lost, that twelve good plays were enough for New York. It was nice of Mr. Howard to say that in a week when there are so few good new plays to review—which leads us straight into one of those lists of the first twelve of the current plays this page would see:

1. The Green Pastures.
2. Strictly Dishonorable.
3. Street Scene.
4. The Last Mile.
5. Journey's End.
6. Bird in Hand.
7. June Moon.
8. Berkeley Square.
9. Topaze.
10. The First Mrs. Fraser.
11. It's a Wise Child.
12. Subway Express.



IN "THE APPLE CART" AND IN "FLYING HIGH."
Tom Powers as the Shavian King and Bert Lahr as the Lone Buzzard.

Movies • by Harry Evans

"The Vagabond King"

IN BRINGING "The Vagabond King" to the screen, Paramount has preserved the melodious beauty of Rudolph Friml's musical score and enhanced its loveliness with scenic effects the stage could not offer. As in all musical movies, there is that moment of unreality when the first strains of the unseen orchestra follow the song cue, but we are getting rather used to it.

The producers were fortunate in being able to supply sufficient inducement to make Florenz Ziegfeld loan them Dennis King (the original of the stage production) to play the leading rôle of Francois Villon. M. Villon, as you may remember, was the French poet whose deeds of valor (aided and abetted by the imagination of Justin Huntly McCarthy) form the plot of the novel, "If I Were King," from which the stage and screen plays were taken. Mr. King loves a lady or swings a sword with a virility that matches the masculine sentiments of his songs . . . a

decided relief after watching the usual operatic tenor whose efforts to portray the primitive urges are characterized by a deplorable absence of vitamins B and E. If Mr. King is to be criticized it is because of an excessive display of vigor . . . particularly noticeable in his almost violent rendition of "The Vagabond Song." Mr. King has a splendid singing and speaking voice.

The lovely Katherine, Niece of Louis XI and object of the seemingly hopeless passion of Villon, is played by Jeanette MacDonald. There is no complaint about Miss MacDonald's singing, but her manner of elocution, cultivated in delivering the unimportant lines of musical comedy, causes some of her grandiloquent speeches to sound more humorous than noble. Director Lud-

wig Berger is really to blame for this as he could very easily have cut out some of these high-hat lines and toned the others down to Miss MacDonald's dramatic range.

As is often the case in movies, the most distinguished performance is not given by one of the stars. In this film it is O. P. Heggie whose splendid characterization of the crafty King Louis gets our hearty vote. Other principals are Warner Oland . . . efficiently nasty as the big menace, and Lillian Roth, who plays a dramatic part very well



"Pardon me, my good man—could you direct us to the hors d'oeuvres?"

considering the fact that she has never before been called on to do anything more emotional than sing blues and get hot.

The general criticism of frequently repeated theme songs has evidently made Director Berger oversensitive. It is true that many of the trashy jingles heard in movies do not wear well, but the Friml compositions are another matter. We sat around all evening anticipating several repetitions of "Only A Rose" and "Love Me And Let Me Go," and were frankly disappointed because they were used so sparingly. Even "The Song Of The Vagabonds" (that famous marching song that has been adopted by the cadets at West Point) was not utilized to our satisfaction.

To dissipate any doubt that may be in the minds of our readers we wish to say that at no time during the film does Mr. King pick up a megaphone and croon, "I'm Just A Vagabond Lover."

As they used to say in the army—you'll like it.

"Song Of The West"

THIS adaptation of the operetta, "Rainbow," presents some beautiful technicolor photography of outdoor scenes depicting the days of the covered wagon. It also presents a fine performance by Joe E. Brown as an amusing mule-skinner, who sings an amusing song entitled, "The Bride Was Dressed In White." Other than these two items, and the fact that a little girl named Marion Byron appears, there is nothing of particular interest. Miss Byron's appearance is only important because she is a promising newcomer.

The picture was completely spoiled for this reviewer because of the faulty recording . . . and here we have the one

big disadvantage of the talkies. John Boles has a splendid screen voice, as he proved in "The Desert Song" and "Rio Rita" . . . Vivienne Segal can sing charmingly, as she has been proving to Broadway theatre goers for years . . . but because somebody committed mechanical errors the work of these accomplished performers is very unsatisfactory. Too bad.

The music, most of which was written by Vincent Youmans, is not distinctive. Mr. Youmans has done much better things.

On the "yes" side—beautiful photography and a splendid cast. On the "no" side—mediocre musical score and faulty recording.

(Continued on Page 28)

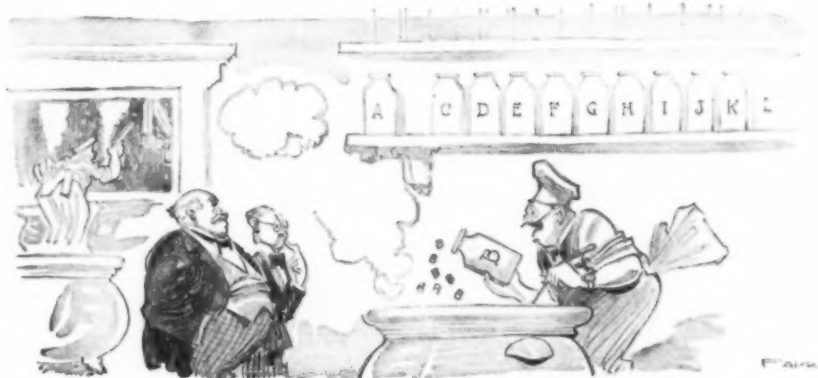


The owner of the brownstone front who refused to sell!

Our Own Mystery

1. Heiress and plumber's helper elope to ——— ?
2. Prince of Wales, thrown by mount, lands on ——— ?
3. Multi-millionaire cuts off son, but not from ——— ?
4. One hundred four convicts break jail and reach ——— ?
5. Girl missing from convent since Xmas, turns up on ——— ?
6. Spurs legacy of \$8,000,000, but can't avoid ——— ?
7. Bigamist supported three wives on ——— ?
8. J. P. Morgan resigns chairmanship, but retains place on ——— ?

Answers on page 29



MR. CAMPBELL: *Chef, show my son how we make Alphabet Soup, I want him to learn the A B C's of the business.*

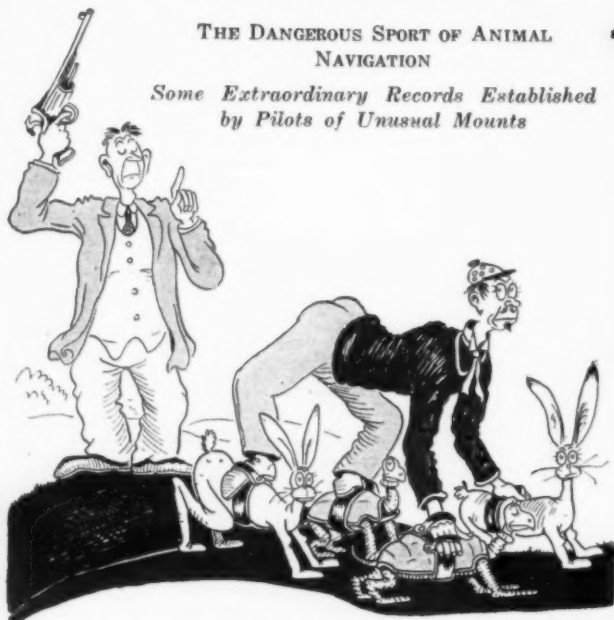
Surfeit

I'm getting weary of publicised Snooti-
ness;
"Powder that's used by the Junior
League Beauty"-ness.
Ships that—so snobbified "copy" alleges
—stir
Only for folks in Society's Register;
Inns that—in language of Ritzy allu-
siveness—
Offer the masses an ultra exclusiveness;
Magazines, spreading the snootified
salve anew,
Claiming their readers are all on Park
Avenue;
I'm getting so that I will, with a wink,
shun
Anything wearing "an air of distinc-
tion,"
And both my eyes and my organs
auricular
Dodge things for "People Whose Taste
is Particular."
Snootiness, too, in the realm intellectual
Stirs up my rage in a style most ef-
fectual,
Till I regard with an eye that is bitter,
eight
Ten or a dozen of "Books for the
Literate,"
And I could slay all the writers whose
ritual
Constantly sneers at all matters Bab-
bittual;
Let us have peace from this swank and
this toffishness
Social and business and arty stand-
offishness,
"Smart" and "Suave" and "Moderne"
and "Superior,"
Give me a pain in my vulgar interior,
Yes, I am sick of this "Few Who Love
Beauty"-ness
Sublimate Snobbery, Sanctified Snooti-
ness! —Berton Braley.

Life's LITTLE EDUCATIONAL CHARTS

THE DANGEROUS SPORT OF ANIMAL NAVIGATION

Some Extraordinary Records Established by Pilots of Unusual Mounts



Laughing at the scoffers who had tried to dissuade him, Thodburn Wunkler, the Los Angeles sportsman, arrived in N. Y. last week after a non-stop transcontinental trek on hare-and-tortoise-back. "Although the hares were ahead the whole way across," says Wunkler, "the tortoises sprinted beautifully at the finish, my left foot and right hand reaching the goal with the comfortable lead of two yards and twenty-one inches."



Residents of the sleepy little hamlet of Left Dluft, Ala., were handed the thrill of their lives recently when a common canary flapped into town hauling a Mr. Widman Ossip. "I won't say just how I managed this," said Ossip, who had flown over from Right Dluft seven miles distant, "but part of the trick, I will admit, is to flatter the bird to beat hell."



Much chagrined by the failure of their heavyweight boxers, the British are determined that in the sport of Animal Navigation no nation shall be their master. Their white hope in this field is the Hon. Hydsell Chelp, 3rd. Mounted on a blindfolded giraffe wearing stilts, Chelp recently piloted the beast through Picadilly Circus during a midnight fog by mental telepathy.

Life at Home



UNIONTOWN, Pa.—Because she had her fingers crossed during her marriage ceremony, Mrs. Mary Frances Wilson of Connellsville, Pa., told her husband she had a right to break her marriage vows, according to testimony given in a divorce suit.

MILLVILLE, N. J.—The Sunday School orchestra of the M. E. Church was unable to play the last hymn at last Sunday's services because Policeman Biggs walked into the room and arrested the cornet player on a charge of stealing chickens; fifteen prize hens and a rooster. He confessed that they were in his cellar and spent the rest of Sunday in jail, while friends were raising \$500 bail.

WASHINGTON—A new move on the part of authorities to stamp out bootlegging in the Capitol is to lock the door at the north end of the Capitol building.

This is designed to force bootleggers to pass through the main entrance, under the eyes of policemen.

A similar precaution was taken during the World War to guard against German spies.

NEW YORK—Because they smoked on a train during Christmas holidays, five New York girls have been dismissed from the Northampton School for Girls, which is located in Calvin Coolidge's home town. A professor accompanied them to New York, called their parents to a hotel and informed them that their daughters had committed "an unpardonable sin."

CHICAGO—Mrs. Catherine Torpey, fifty-six, could not fry eggs on ice, and this made her husband, William, very, very angry.

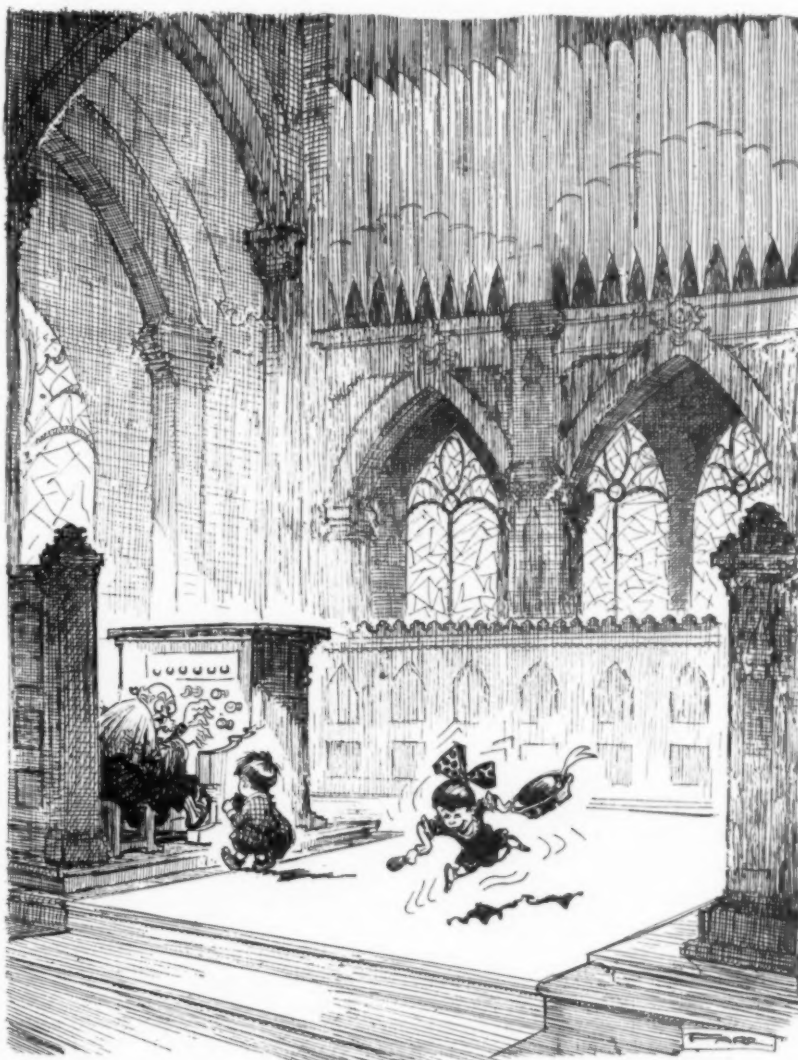
The idea, Mrs. Torpey explained in her bill for separate maintenance, was to save gas. She said William became cruel at her failure, because he knew it could be done, having seen the feat performed by a magician.

WASHINGTON—There was almost a three-fold increase in the purchases of pistols and revolvers during the first seven months of the current fiscal year, according to a Bureau of Internal Revenue report.

Collections of taxes on these weapons totaled \$272,555 as compared with \$94,011 for the same period in 1929.

Disarmament Begins at Home!

NEW YORK—One Louis Goldstein sought judicial permission to change his name to Golding on the ground that Goldstein was not an authentic American name. The court said that the only authentic American names were those of Indians; that the petitioner was seeking by subterfuge to conceal his religion and racial identity. The decision was delivered by Justice Louis Goldstein.



TO CHURCH ORGANIST: *As an extra special favor, will you run off a little "Charleston" for my kid sister, willya, Mr. Nogney?*

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See Page 31

(Listed in the order of their openings.)

Comedy and Drama

- ★STREET SCENE. *Ambassador*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Death in a side street. Elmer Rice's prize winning drama of the slums.
- ★JOURNEY'S END. *Henry Miller's*. \$4.40—English actors in the best of all war plays.
- ★BIRD IN HAND. *Forty-ninth Street*. \$3.85—Three from London spend an amusing evening in an English inn. John Drinkwater's comedy.
- ★IT'S A WISE CHILD. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Hilarious comedy about an imaginary stork that hovers over a small town. CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—The Le Gallienne players in various classics.
- ★STRICTLY DISHONORABLE. *Avon*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Cream of the comedies. Love spoils a seduction in a speakeasy.
- ★SUBWAY EXPRESS. *Republic*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Murder in an uptown express, and an ingenious solution.
- ★JUNE MOON. *Broadhurst*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—10,000 laffs and a couple of hundred laughs at the song-writers. By Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman.
- ★BERKELEY SQUARE. *Lyceum*. \$4.40—A young man of our times loves a lady of the eighteenth century. Leslie Howard's fine acting.
- ★BROKEN DISHES. *Masque*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A henpeck declares his independence. Donald Meek.
- IT NEVER RAINS. *Bayes*—Trash.
- ★YOUNG SINNERS. *Morosco*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—How the poor little rich girls and boys drink and neck.
- ★MICHAEL AND MARY. *Charles Hopkins*. \$4.40—Henry Hull in a sentimental whimsy by Milne.
- ★DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY. *Ethel Barrymore*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Death cavorts among the mortals to see how it feels. Philip Merivale is excellent.
- RUTH DRAPER. *Comedy*—The fine artist in a set of new character sketches.
- ★THE FIRST MRS. FRASER. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Grace George takes her husband back from his second wife. Delightful comedy by Ervine.
- NANCY'S PRIVATE AFFAIR. *Forty-eighth Street*. —4 males, 5 females. Modern costumes. Plays 2¼ hours. 2 interiors. Suited to schools and Masonic Lodges.
- ★EVERYTHING'S JAKE. *Bijou*. \$3.85—Don Marquis' amiable old soaks on a trip to Paris.
- ★REBOUND. *Plymouth*. \$3.85—Hope Williams discovers how to hold her husband in Donald Ogden Stewart's comedy.
- ★MANY A SLIP. *Little*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—The stork in the closet again, with Sylvia Sidney.
- ★DISHONORED LADY. *Empire*. \$4.40—Katharine Cornell kills her lover in cold blood.
- ★TOPAZE. *Music Box*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A brilliant satire on office-holders and graft from the French. Frank Morgan.
- ★THE LAST MILE. *Sam H. Harris*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Grand Guignol stretched out for an evening. As much horror as you can stand. Superbly acted.
- ★THE INFINITE SHOEBLACK. *Maxine Elliott's*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Helen Menken as a kept lady who marries a student. Can't believe a word of it.

APRON STRINGS. *Cort*—Mamma directs her son from the grave. Piffing comedy.

- ★THOSE WE LOVE. *John Golden*. \$3.85—Infidelity—ho-hum—in Westchester.
- THE PLUTOCRAT. *Vanderbilt*—Tarkington's Babbitts abroad, by the Coburns.
- ★THE APPLE CART. *Martin Beck*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Bernard Shaw becomes an old bore pointing out the virtues of monarchy.
- ★THE GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield*. \$4.40—The most beautiful, most moving, and even the most amusing play in years. The Negro's idea of the Bible story.

Eye and Ear

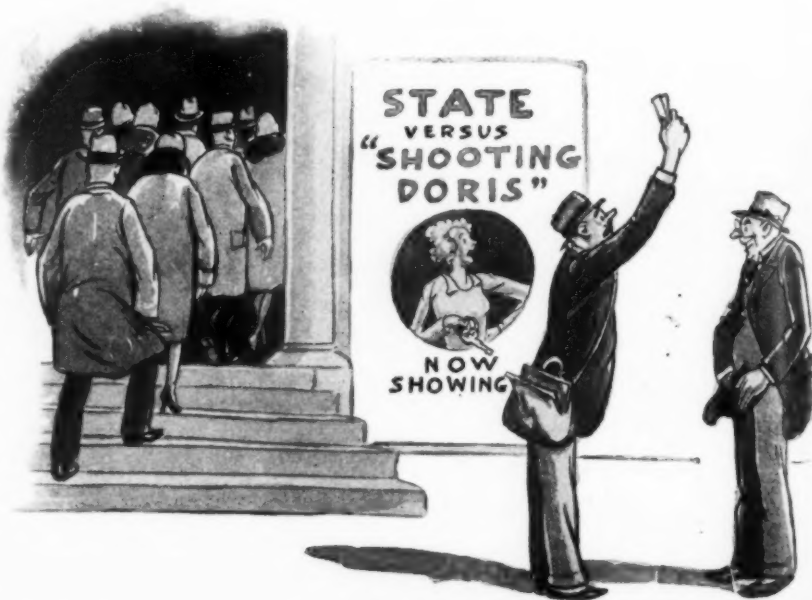
- ★EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK. *Forty-ninth Street*. \$6.60—Will Mahoney in Carroll's best.
- ★SWEET ADELINE. *Hammerstein*. \$5.50—Picturesque Hoboken in 1898. Kern's music, Irene Franklin, Helen Morgan and Charles Butterworth.
- ★HEADS UP! *Alvin*. \$5.50—Jack Whiting, Victor Moore and some cute tunes by Rodgers and Hart.
- ★SONS O' GUNS. *Imperial*. \$6.60—One of the front line offerings. Jack Donahue at his best, and Lily Damita.
- ★FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN. *Lyric*. \$6.60—Cole Porter's music sung by Americans on the loose in Paris.
- ★TOP SPEED. *Royale*. \$5.50—Lester Allen, Ginger Rogers and the usual sauce.
- ★WAKE UP AND DREAM. *Selwyn*. \$6.60—Closing because Jack Buchanan gets too much money.
- ★STRIKE UP THE BAND. *Times Square*. \$6.60—Words and music by the Gershwins and comedy by Clark and McCullough.
- ★RIPPLES. *New Amsterdam*. \$6.60—Fred Stone and family in a nice clean show.
- ★SIMPLE SIMON. *Ziegfeld*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—One of these great big Ziegfeld affairs—with Ed Wynn.
- ★THE INTERNATIONAL REVUE. *Majestic*. \$6.60—Cheap and smutty. Gertrude Lawrence and Jack Pearl. Also Harry Richman.

FLYING HIGH. *Apollo*—Must be seen for a single gag of Bert Lahr's.

Movies

- THE VAGABOND KING, SONG OF THE WEST AND CHASING RAINBOWS—In this issue.
- ANNA CHRISTIE—Greta Garbo's speaking voice matches her remarkable screen personality. Excellent entertainment—for adults.
- MEN WITHOUT WOMEN—Stark realism in the U. S. Submarine Service. See it.
- LILIES OF THE FIELD—Corinne Griffith being sad all over the place. Her movie voice, unfortunately, has none of the beauty of her face and figure.
- SON OF THE GODS—As the hero of the Rex Beach novel, Richard Barthelmess gives his best performance since *Tol'able David*.
- SHE COULDN'T SAY NO—Winnie Lightner creates some swell comedy and tries to ruin it by becoming dramatic. Sparkling epigrams by Robert Lord.
- LOVE COMES ALONG—You should see any movie in which a sailor saves a girl's honor. Bebe Daniels' singing is the big attraction.
- HAPPY DAYS—The first feature-length picture photographed on *Grandeur Film*. It was also photographed on ordinary film. The picture is not important unless your theatre is equipped to show the *Grandeur* version. For details on new film read LIFE, March 7th.
- THE GREEN GODDESS—Very disappointing after "Disraeli." George Arliss is good but his support is awful.
- STREET OF CHANCE—William Powell gives his best performance in a story reminiscent of the Rothstein case.
- DEVIL MAY CARE—Ramon Novarro sings "Charming," and "Shepherd's Serenade." Very enjoyable.
- NOT SO DUMB—That's a matter of opinion. Among the short features LIFE recommends the Grantland Rice *Sportlight Productions*; Paramount's *Animated Songs*; *Krazy Kat Cartoons* and *Walter Disney's Silly Symphonies*.

(Continued on Page 31)



COMING.

TICKET SPECULATOR: Two on the aisle, down front—right near the judge's bench!



How long will we put up with it?

Prohibition must go.

Its doom is clearly written in the editorial trend of the most influential publications of the country.

It is doomed surely because its greatest protagonists can no longer close their eyes to its colossal failure.

It has failed because it is a law for the other fellow and a law for the other fellow is a law for nobody.

Where is that Utopia that was to have come with Prohibition?

Our jails are crowded to the point of riot.

Arrests for drunkenness are steadily on the increase.

Deaths from alcoholism have mounted.

Public officials have been corrupted.

Murder has become a commonplace.

Prohibition does not prohibit!

New York has 30,000 speakeasies in the place

of 16,000 licensed saloons before Prohibition.

Chicago is at the mercy of the beer-running racketeer.

Bootleg highballs cost a dollar a glass and nobody makes a profit out of that dollar but the bootlegger.

The farmer is worse off because he has lost a great market for his grain.

The tax-payer is worse off because the total estimated annual cost of Prohibition, for enforcement and loss in revenue, is \$936,000,000, while the total revenue received by the Federal Treasury from individual income taxes in 1928 was \$882,727,114.

That money comes out of your pocketbook and ours.

We will pay a lot of it on March 15 and there is another instalment due in June.

How long is this farcical hypocrisy to continue?

Why be irrevocably committed to a futile law when the very tools to change it are in our hands?

Something to think about on March 15

Last year individual tax-payers paid into the Federal Treasury \$882,727,114.

The estimated cost of Prohibition enforcement and loss of revenue is \$936,000,000.

Two million men who were too busy to vote in 1918 are asking if it isn't about time they had a voice in the matter.

Twenty million men and women who have come into their majority since the Eighteenth Amendment want a chance to speak also.

If the inspired document on which this nation was founded means anything, we are entitled to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Life, the magazine, would therefore like to see a return to that mellowness and joy of living which Ambassador Bryce once characterized as "the kindly neighborliness of American life".

That's why Life asks for a return to Temperance.

That's why Life says, "Let's go!"

What about you?

If you agree with these sentiments, let's clean house!

▶ ▶ ▶ WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE ◀ ◀ ◀

nb It cost \$2,100 to present this appeal to the 428,000 readers of this newspaper. This space was bought and paid for by LIFE to help crystallize the sentiment to bring about the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and a return to Temperance.

Do you realize what an advertising campaign similar to this would do if it were published in every town and city in the United States? Can you visualize the effect on our legislature if millions of people support this campaign?

This mighty wave of protest from coast to coast would sweep the Augean stables clean and put an end to this hypocrisy.

LIFE wants your help

Such an advertising campaign is possible if you will help. If you agree with these sentiments, send one dollar (as much more as you like) to the LIFE War Chest.

Every penny thus received will be used by Life to buy similar publicity throughout the country.

Don't put this off or wait for the other fellow to do it. Tear out the coupon now and mail it with your dollar as soon as you get a chance.

Tell your friends about it, too.

IMPORTANT!—MAIL THIS TODAY

THE LIFE WAR CHEST
598 Madison Avenue, New York City

Dear Life: I agree with your sentiments on Temperance. Enclosed find _____ dollars, my contribution to the good work. While there's Life there's hope.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Send \$1.00 much more as you like.

This advertisement is sponsored by Life Publishing Company, 600 Madison Avenue, New York.

This Page in LIFE is donated by LIFE for the repeal of prohibition and every dollar received will be used for newspaper publicity.

Join the Army and see the repeal!



PERFECT WIFE (to returned angler): Sit down, dear, and tell me all about the fight he gave you.
—Punch (by permission)

Willingdrift

(Continued from Page 7)

Carefully leaving this letter, as he had Bramley's first, with conspicuousness on the dining-room table so the rest of the family would find it, Smith, now with a sure step, approached the Sheraton desk.

"Dear Bramley:

"Again I write to you, this time to humbly tell you some of my poor qualifications for the distinguished honor you are bestowing upon me."

Here he began again the business of masticating the pen. "Hurr," said Smith. "Humph. Qualifications. Hum!"

He chewed manfully for a time, his eyes roving the walls. He felt keenly his responsibility, wanted with all his heart to say the right thing.

"Hah!" he said again, and then, "Qualifications, eh? Ho!" With that he began to write:

"... would say that my qualifica-

tions for being your mayor are unlimited. I am a governor of the Badminton Club and belong to very nice club within that club, known as the Toddlers, who meet every Friday to play poker in silk hats and vests of fancy design. Also I was Master of the Blympton Beagles until the pack had to be given up because of hounds not all being orderly anent chickens, and although we said the rabbits were what killed them the farmers wouldn't take credence of same. Also, the dogs got some skin disease from those chickens which made hunting with them undesirable. But you don't need to say anything about that part of it.

"Although I am not noted as a public speaker, I feel I can hold up that part of being mayor because I used to recite at school and I hardly ever made many mistakes.

"Those are my best qualifications. In closing let me say to tell them all down there that my family crest says, 'Honor ad mortem'—'Honor to the death.'

"Yours,

"Rob Smith."

"P. S. Sorry about the big-hearted business. You are a square shot, and let me know how election comes out. R. S."

Three days later a telegram reached Smith:

"YOU ARE UNANIMOUSLY ELECTED STOP GIVING DINNER AT MANHATTAN CASINO NEXT FRIDAY CONGRATULATIONS.

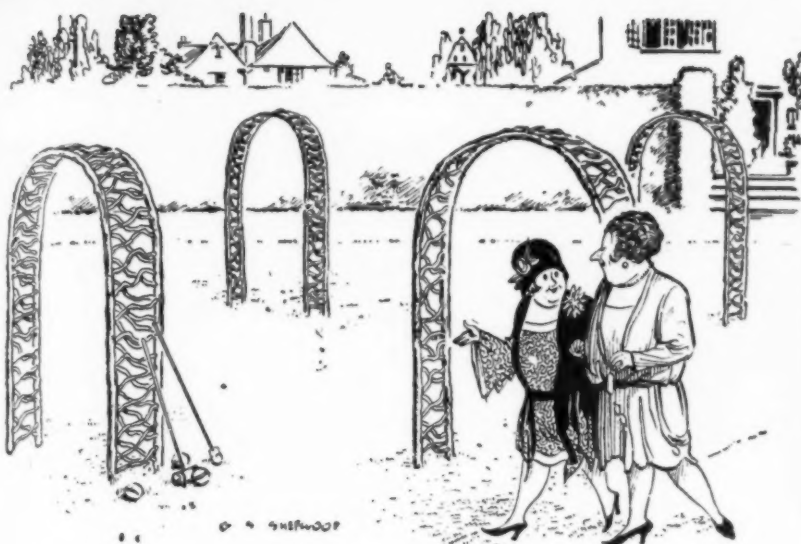
"BRAMLEY."

Smith handed it to his butler, a puz-



CADDIE (to employer well off the beaten track): Somebody comin' sir. What if we hides the clubs an' pretends we're out for a walk?

—London Opinion.



"Why so many rustic arches, Mrs. Goosley?"
 "Oh, my husband wished to play croquet without his eyeglasses, dear."
 —London Calling.

zled expression clouding his joy so his face looked like a summer's day when it is raining with the sun out.

Willingdrift held out his hand. Smith shook it. He said, "Thanks, old man, hurrl!"

Willingdrift noticed his contradictory expression. He said, "What's troubling you, sir?"

"I'm not giving dinner at Casino. Why does he tell me to stop giving it?"

Willingdrift put his hand to his mouth and coughed. Sometimes he wondered how his employer had ever managed to grow up and then sometimes he wondered if he had.

"Stop means period," he said.

Smith arrived late at the dinner. He felt that to be part of his position. Expecting a pretty big party, he was somewhat surprised to find in the private suite only Bramley and the same people who had been at dinner at the Palm Court Casino which Bramley owned the night he spiked Bramley for the five thousand.

He was disappointed, but everyone seemed so glad to see him and their congratulations so touched him and Bramley served such splendid cocktails that the feeling soon passed. They went into the dining room. With a glow of pride Smith saw that at every place was a folded newspaper. By peeking he saw it was an out-of-town sheet. He ran over quickly in his mind the speech he had prepared.

"You open it first," Bramley broke in on his thoughts as they sat down.

With a happy sigh, Smith unfolded his paper. The next moment, as one of the guests afterward said, he seemed to be trying to swallow his Adam's apple.

The front page held no pertinent scarehead, but at the bottom was a box:

"MINZER DEVELOPMENT HOLDS FIRST VILLAGE ELECTION"

and in small type under this:

"The following were elected
 unanimously:

Mayor—Thomas Silk
 Clerk—William Vanderholt
 Dog Catcher—R. B. Smith."

Smith pretty nearly cried. He could have kicked himself for letting Bramley take him in. For a minute or two he sat quite still, making odd noises in his throat, bitterly hurt, like a kid watching his balloon sail away over the fair grounds. Then, being a game kid, he smiled.

"Haw," he said. "If we're having champagne, Bram—it's on me!"

Then he wondered why these people who had just meant to be funny looked away and why Bramley took out his handkerchief and blew his nose. Then he stopped wondering, because Bramley was speaking.

"Reason I came up, Rob, was to ask you to resign the office you were just elected to."

Smith was again completely himself. He said, "Why? An ex-master of beagles ought to make a hell of a good dog catcher."

"I know," said Bramley, "but a man can't hold two offices."

"Two?" said Smith. "Offices?"

"Two," said Bramley holding up two fingers. "Three days ago you were elected Mayor of Palm Beach."

Smith got up, then he sat down, then he said, "Hurrl!" and wondered why everybody applauded. Bramley smiled at him and put his hand to his shoulder. Leaning quite close he whispered, "I won't tell anyone, Rob, but what was it those hounds caught from the chickens?"

ANGKOR



"I have tried all things," wrote PIERRE LOTI, "I have been everywhere . . . In the depths of the forests of Siam I have seen the star of evening rise over the ruins of mysterious Angkor."

The Raymond-Whitcomb Round-the-World Cruise has a trip to mysterious Angkor . . . easier and more comfortable than any cruise has ever offered.

RAYMOND-WHITCOMB

Round the World • CRUISE •

To sail January 21, 1931, on the "Columbus"

Because the cruise ship is the fastest ever to sail round the world, the Raymond-Whitcomb Cruise will spend less time at sea than any other . . . The total length of the cruise will be only 107 days—yet the number of places visited is notably large and the programs are generous. ✱ There are visits to all the usual Round-the-World-Cruise countries—Egypt, India, Ceylon, Java, Philippines, China, Japan, etc.—and to such unusual ports as Penang, Malacca, Zamboanga and Macassar—and a side trip to Bali. Rates, \$2000 and upward.

Send for the booklet:
 "ROUND THE WORLD CRUISE"

Mediterranean Cruise

To sail January 31, 1931, on the "Carinthia"

This Mediterranean Cruise is timed to be in Nice for the famous Carnival. With 13 days in Egypt and the Holy Land . . . visits to the great and historic Mediterranean cities—Constantinople, Venice, Algiers, etc.—and to smaller places, such as Palermo and Taormina, Cattaro and Ragusa, which are typical of their countries. ✱ Rates, \$1000 and up.

Raymond-Whitcomb

126 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts
 New York, 670 Fifth Avenue; New York, 225 Fifth Ave.
 Boston, 165 Tremont St.; Philadelphia, 1601 Walnut St.
 Chicago, 176 N. Michigan Ave.; Detroit, 421 Book Bldg.
 Los Angeles, 423 W. Fifth St.; San Francisco, 230 Post St.
 Agents in the principal cities

Movies

(Continued from Page 20)

"Chasing Rainbows"

CHASING RAINBOWS" featuring the "Broadway Melody" team of Bessie Love and Charles King, is another story of backstage life. We don't expect even Mr. Ripley to believe this, Miss Love proves her ability to "take it" by turning in a creditable performance in spite of the hackneyed rôle she is forced to play, and Benny Rubin (master of ceremonies in "The Hollywood Revue") comes through with some smooth gagging that helps considerably. Also among those present are Louise Dressler and Polly Moran, who do everything except kick each other in the rear and heave custard pies in an effort to be humorous. It seems that every few minutes the director gets the "plot" (we will call it that for the sake of politeness) mixed up with two other pictures he has made or seen somewhere, and then he has the cameras turned on Louise and Polly while he tries to figure out where he is at.

One of the featured songs is "Happy Days," a ditty that has already gained national popularity. The other is a tuneful little thing which, according to the manner in which Mr. King sings it, is entitled, "Lucky Me-hee And Lovely Yoo-hoo."

To be perfectly fair, "Chasing Rainbows" is pretty good entertainment for people who are not sick and tired of backstage pictures, and we hope they both enjoy it.

A Good Pair of Shorts

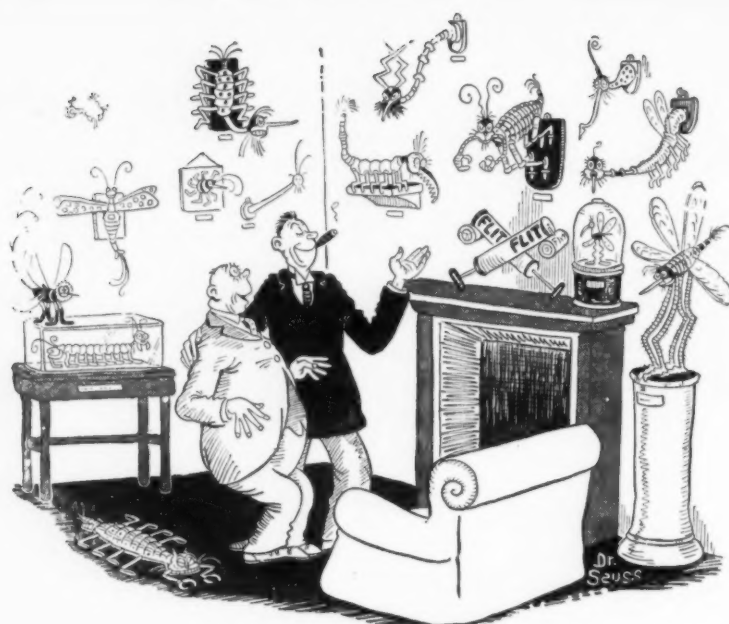
TWO short pictures that are packed full of chuckles are Paramount's "The Family Next Door," and Radio's "The Setting Son." The first one (so funny we saw it twice) features Evelyn Wilson, recently recruited to the movies but well known on Broadway for her "jag" interpretations, and the ever amusing Charles Ruggles. "The Setting Son" is taken from a hilarious story by the late H. C. Witwer.

In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Answers to Anagrams on page 15

- (1) Meager.
- (2) Insured.
- (3) Caramel.
- (4) Parasite.
- (5) Chaperon.
- (6) Bromide.

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful tonic and invigorator. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.



"The Big Game Hunter"

—Advt.

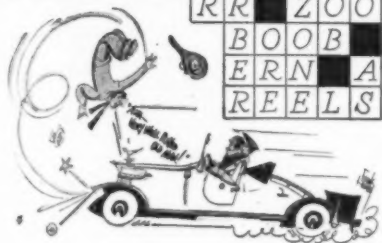


MANAGER OF WRESTLER ON TOP (excitedly): Hey, you mutt, that's your own leg you're breaking!

—Dublin Opinion.

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word
Picture Puzzle No. 28

S	C	O	O	P	P	A	T	F	A
T	H	I	N	E	A	T	S	E	X
E	E	L	S	L	Y	T	H	E	
M	A	O	A	K	B	E	E	C	
S	P	O	R	T	S	M	A	N	G
			R	R		Z	O	O	
			B	O	O	B			
			E	R	N	A			
			R	E	E	L	S		



The Sportsman.

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by

R. W. Henry,
Catawba Sanatorium,
Virginia.

A good loser rises to the occasion.

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by

Ralph H. Allgood,
Dadeville,
Alabama.

MOTORIST (deprecatingly): *A rotten job. I should have killed it.*

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by

Keith McCullough,
2710 West Grand Blvd.,
Detroit, Mich.

Who lost his amateur standing.

4th Prize of \$10.00 won by

Mrs. Charles F. Deubel,
227 Naples Terrace,
New York City.

SUNDAY DRIVER (to wife): *That's forty—love!*

"Our Own Mystery"

1. The Front Page.
2. The Front Page.
3. The Front Page.
4. The Front Page.
5. The Front Page.
6. The Front Page.
7. The Front Page.
8. The Front Page.

KEEPS TEETH WHITE

A flashing smile is worth more than a good-sized bank account. It wins friends!

Flash in your smile depends on the whiteness of your teeth.

So take care of them. Chew delicious Dentyne, the gum that keeps teeth clean and white as snow. No finer chewing gum is made.



Chew DENTYNE ...and smile!



FIRST GOLFER: *It's pretty hopeless looking for a ball in that patch. I'm afraid you'll have to drop one over your shoulder.*

SECOND DITTO: *I have. That's the one I'm looking for.*

—Punch (by permission).

Hackercraft

Leads the Quality Field in Grace and Flashing

With a hull of genuine Honduras mahogany, double planked for safety, copper riveted for years of hard usage, and hand-built around a stout keel and framing of selected straight grained white oak, your Hackercraft embraces quality features seldom found in even the most expensive custom-built speed boats. Why? Because John L. Hacker, N. A., has designed more fine boats than any man in America! He has combined a positive genius for smart hull lines with a practical experience covering 36 years of boat designing and building. Performance? Just give a Hackercraft half a chance to display its riding superiority and thrilling speeds. You won't be disappointed. May we send you the new boat catalog?

HACKER BOAT COMPANY
544 River Drive Mt. Clemens, Mich.

PERFORMANCE



HACKERCRAFT
AMERICA'S FASTEST SPEED BOATS

Life's All-American Beauty Team!

*Do you know a girl who
looks like the girl on the Cover?*

The original painting will be presented to the girl who, in the opinion of Hayden Hayden, most closely resembles it.

LIFE is going to debunk all beauty contests! There is no such thing as the American Beauty or "Miss America" and LIFE is going to prove it. The United States is full of American Beauties and each one a different type. The fifteen leading artists of the country are going to show their conceptions of the Ideal American Beauty and LIFE is going to find their prototypes in the flesh! And after the all-American Beauty Team has been selected LIFE is going to—well, watch for further developments!

IF YOU know of a girl who resembles this cover by Hayden Hayden, have her send her photograph to LIFE. NO NAMES OR PHOTOGRAPHS WILL BE PUBLISHED. All photographs must be mailed within two weeks of the date on the cover to LIFE's All-American Team, 598 Madison Ave., New York, and none will be returned unless postage is enclosed. Professional artist's models are barred. Each week a prominent American artist will portray his conception of beauty on the cover of LIFE and each week the girl who most closely resembles it will be given the original painting.

Next Week's American Beauty
By HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY



Life



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No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

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Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from Page 12)

voted both, a piece of chicanery which, when I did tax him with it, he excused on the grounds that his feelings were of double strength. It cannot be gainsaid that tipping is overdone, especially in these parts, and methinks it will not abate until good liquor is accessible through lawful license and inebriety becomes as unfashionable as leprosy. My seamstress in with my new batiste blouses, and I did reproach her bitterly for putting a great seam down the middle of my pajama costume, so that I do look as if scarred by a major operation, nor was I cheered by her confidence that we must have a yard of new material to remedy the unsightliness. To luncheon at the club with Edith Banning, and the cheque-book which she exhibited in writing off her dues was so attractive that I am almost minded to change my moneys to her bank in order to possess one like it, but Samuel tells me that my account is too active to warrant an over-cordial reception from the directors. Edith did relate how Bob has bought two new motors exactly alike for their use in the country, and when I demanded the cause for such a duplication, she confided that he wishes to keep one with the top up and one with top down, so that he will not be bothered with manual effort when the weather changes, thereby pointing a new apex of luxury for me, my own modest conception of it hitherto having been the purchase of an extra theatre chair for the disposal of one's wraps.

A physicist writing in a weekly paper tells of a haunted boarding-house. We should not be easily convinced, however, that there are such things as paying-ghosts.

—Punch.

A Hollywood movie star says she is sure that her seventh marriage will prove a happy one. In cinema circles, of course, the first six husbands are always the worst.

—Passing Show.

LIFE'S Ticket Service

*We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

*If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 598 Madison Ave., New York City Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$..... Enclosed

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 24)

Supper Clubs

*Dressy

C Cover Charge FS Fridays and Saturdays

H Headwaiter

SMIG The price of Sandwiches, Mineral Water, Ice, Gingerale (for two)

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3rd. The best night club below 188th St. C.\$3. S.\$4.00. H.Arnold. SMIG.\$4.

CASANOVA, 134 W. 52. Popular place. C.\$4. H.Louis. SMIG.\$5.

CHEZ FLORENCE, 58th St., near 8th Ave. Formerly Guinan's. You can stay up all night. C.\$4.00. SMIG.\$4.00.

CLUB PLAZA, Plaza Hotel. Nice. Dick Gasparre's orchestra. *C.\$2. H.Adolph.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56. Swell place, swell orchestra (Abe Lyman's). *C.\$5. H.Jimmy. SMIG.\$5.

COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9th. Economic fun. C.\$1. FS.\$1.50. H.Charlie. SMIG.\$1.85.

CONNIE'S INN, 7th Ave. at 131st. Harlem fun, late at night. C.\$2. FS.\$2.50. SMIG.\$2.75.

COTTON CLUB, Lenox Ave. at 142. Ditto Harlem fun. Ditto same prices.

DAFFYDILL, 46 W. 8th. Attractive place, good crowd. C.\$2. S.\$3. SMIG.\$2.50.

DOME, 52 W. 8th. Greenwich Village night club life. C.\$1. S.\$1.50. H.Victor. SMIG.\$4.00.

GOVERNOR CLINTON GRILL, 31st and 7th Ave. Paul Specht's orchestra. C.\$1. FS.\$1.50. SMIG.\$2.50.

LES AMBASSADEURS, 50th and Broadway. Clayton, Jackson and Durante, enough said. C.\$3.00. S.\$4.00. H.Louis. SMIG.\$4.00. S.\$4.50.

LIDO, 7th Ave. at 52nd. Very ritzy. Moss and Fontana. *C.\$6. H.Maraschino.

MONTMARTE, 50th & B'way. Very nice and always has been. *C.\$3.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Roosevelt Hotel. Nice place. C.\$2.

RUSSIANA, 216 W. 44. Russian cabaret. Pretty good. C.\$3.00.

ST. REGIS SEAGLADE, 5th Ave. at 55th. Swell. *C.\$2. S.\$3.

Records

SING YOU SINNERS.....

.....The High Hatters make merry.

IN MY LITTLE HOPE CHEST.....

.....A particularly tuneful number. (Victor)

THERE'S DANGER IN YOUR EYES, CHERIE,

WITH YOU.....

Two swell numbers played softly and delicately by Guy Lombardo's band. (Columbia)

ST. LOUIS BLUES.....

You all know this one. Rudy Vallee singing.

STEIN SONG.....

The college song of the University of Maine.

Three "Boola-Boolas" for our Rudy from Yale. (Victor)

KICKIN' A HOLE IN THE SKY.....

.....Light and melodious.

COOKING BREAKFAST FOR THE ONE I

LOVE.....Pretty good. (Columbia)

PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ.....Fast and peppy.

WHEN A WOMAN LOVES A MAN.....

Slow rhythm blues. Jan Garber's orchestra. (Columbia)

Sheet Music

"Lucky Little Devil" (No show)

"There's Danger In Your Eyes, Cherie" (Puttin' On the Ritz)

"Sing You Sinners" (Honey, movie)

"Wasn't It Beautiful" (Flying High)

"I'll Know Him" (Flying High)

"Mona" (Happy Days)

Brand new
- - but it has

ARRIVED



THE NEW YORKER HOTEL, after only seven weeks, has already become an integral part of the city's life... a pretty neat trick, you will admit.

One step inside and you'll see a hotel in full swing. That's because people are quick to recognize quality. They just naturally flock to the restaurant where food is better, they want to live in the hotel which has the extra details of service... the hotel which is more accessible, more charmingly hospitable.

Here are a few facts... Radio in every room...also tub and shower, Servidor, circulating ice-water... direct tunnel to the Pennsylvania Station, B. & O. Motor Coach connection... located in the heart of midtown business district. \$3.50 a day and upward. 85% of the rooms are \$5 and less.

NEW YORKER BONBONNETTES

New... delicious candy. Made from unique French recipes. Send \$2 for a souvenir pound box... add 15c. per lb. for postage and packing.

BERNIE CUMMINS himself leads The New Yorker Orchestra (Exclusive Victor Record Artists)... nightly at dinner and supper in the lovely Terrace Restaurant.

**THE
NEW YORKER
HOTEL**
RALPH HITE, Managing Director
34th St. at 8th Ave., New York City



SMOKE HO!

WHEN you barge about, smoking all day — remember your Squibb's Dental Cream at night.

Squibb's is not only an excellent dentifrice but it's also a land-fall for smokers — because it makes each smoke so much more worth while. Right through the whole day it keeps your smoking taste up on its toes — sparkling and fresh.

The minute particles of Milk of Magnesia which Squibb's deposits in the mouth fight acids — sweeten the breath — fend off fuzziness.

Take time out between "oh for a smoke" and "smoke ho" to freshen up your smoking taste with Squibb's Dental Cream. At all druggists.

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

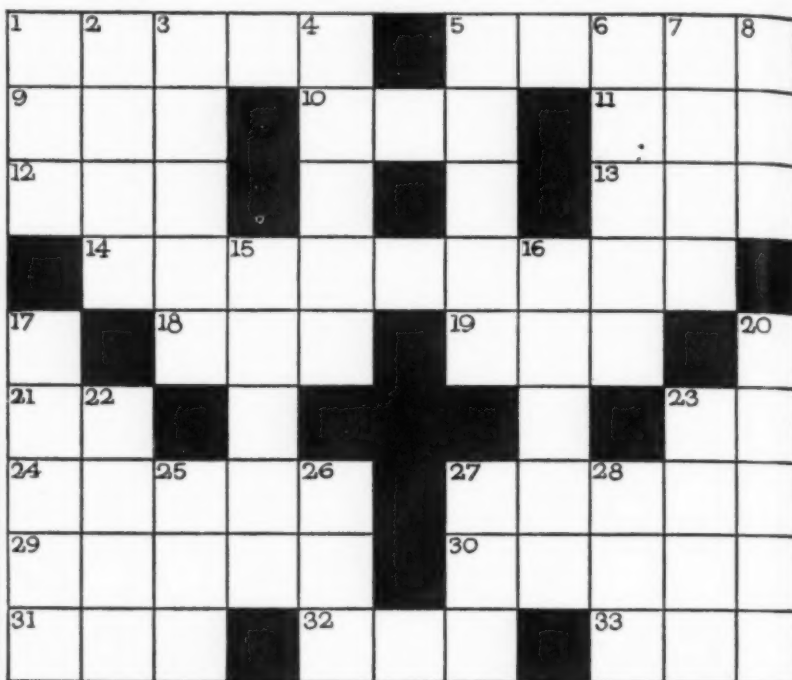
LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 33

1st Prize \$50.00, 2nd Prize \$25.00, 3rd Prize \$15.00, 4th Prize \$10.00

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

The prizes will be awarded for the cleverest explanations by those who have correctly solved the puzzle and found the correct title. In case of a tie the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. This contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, April 11. Winners will appear in the May 2 issue.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York.



VERTICAL

1. Something to do when the sun goes down.
2. This makes a good dry.
3. This stirs things up.
4. A good thing to keep clean.
5. Many a good man has lost his head for this.
6. United.
7. An edible seed.
8. This lets many a married man in for some trouble.
15. A little woodland myth of ancient Greece.
16. The ladies follow these.
17. Your wife will be entertaining if you have this.
20. Many officers who won their spurs never got this.
22. A berry.
23. Humble.
25. What the flowers do for the poets.
26. Is. (Latin)
27. You can see Europe on this.
28. Definite article.

HORIZONTAL

1. What some families have for breakfast.
5. A ducky little thing.
9. You wouldn't go to sea in this vessel.
10. The lady of the Klondike.
11. Last name of a man nobody knows.
12. A well-known rooster.
13. Many who vote this way are all wet.
14. These people must have a way with them.
18. They get whiskey out of this.
19. The land in which Cain settled.
21. What this country needs is a good 5c. drink. (Abbr.)
23. A state. (Abbr.)
24. Do this and you get away with something.
27. A unit of measurement.
29. College boys. (Abbr.)
30. These are all burned out.
31. This holds a ball.
32. This goes around and around.
33. To piece out.

Stacks of Excitement



Storms are ahead. America is due for a change of mind: hot controversy in the cause of real freedom; clashes between the reasoning and the small-minded.

LIFE will play a part in this upheaval — daringly, strikingly, and entertainingly—turning the spotlight of wit and satire and humor on things as they are, presenting the unvarnished truth with a punch.

The best of it is that you needn't wade through long, dull essays to get the point. It's all there in vivid pictures and brief, pungent words.

There is always fun in LIFE. There will be more than fun in the next fifty-two weeks. We guarantee excitement!

Dear LIFE

I am a skeptic; I want to try out your excitement for twenty weeks. Attached please find two dollars.

name

address

Dear LIFE

Please assure me of my weekly dose of excitement for one year. You may bill me for five dollars.

name

address

THE SHOCK OF FACING

what your figure may become



"COMING EVENTS CAST
THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"
(Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844)

AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW

by refraining from over-
indulgence, if you would
maintain the modern fig-
ure of fashion

We do not represent that
smoking **Lucky Strike** Ciga-
rettes will bring modern figures
or cause the reduction of flesh.
We do declare that when tempt-
ed to do yourself too well, if
you will "Reach for a **Lucky**"
instead, you will thus avoid
over-indulgence in things that
cause excess weight and, by
avoiding over-indulgence, main-
tain a modern, graceful form.

When Tempted

*Reach
for a
LUCKY*

instead

"It's toasted"



Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough.

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